ANECDOTES OF "BUFFALO BILL"

That have never appeared in print

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THE PACIFIC CENTER
FOR WESTERN STUDIES
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"Pards"

Anecdotes of "Buffalo Bill"

That have never appeared in Print

By

DAN WINGET

The Last of the Old Scouts

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHICAGO

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D. H. WINGET

AS MANY OF THE ANECDOTES
THAT APPEAR IN THIS BOOK
HAVE TO DO WITH THE EARLY
PART OF THE LIFE OF THE

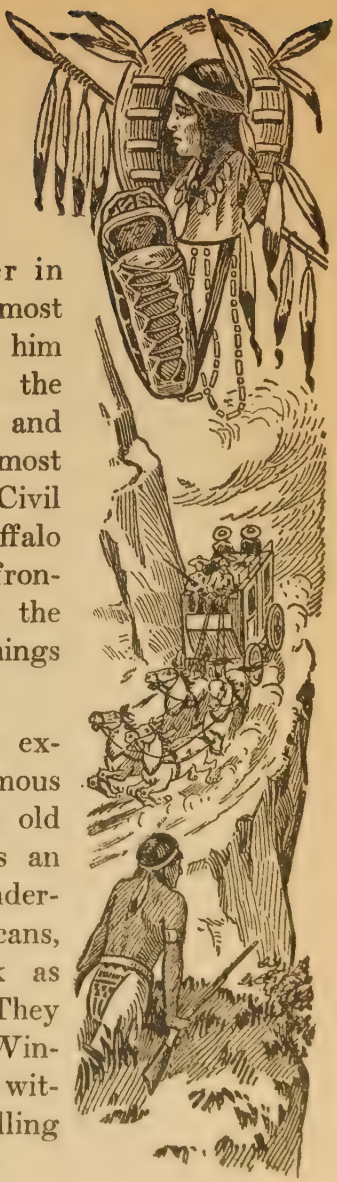
GREAT SCOUT

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO THE

BOY SCOUTS
OF THE WORLD

Courtesy Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.

Introduction



TAKE a lively youngster in whose veins flows the most patriotic blood of America; put him in the seething Kansas of the Sixties; let him be a spectator and participant in some of the most exciting engagements of the Civil War; give him for a chum Buffalo Bill; let him roam the western frontier with the boldest spirits of the age—and he will see many things that will be history.

D. H. Winget had such an experience. His father was the famous General D. P. Winget of an old Scotch family; his mother was an Alexander-Lee of the Alexander-Lee-Custis branch of Americans, who were of the same stock as Martha Custis Washington. They moved to Kansas when Dan Winget was a small child and he witnessed some of the most thrilling chapters in American history.

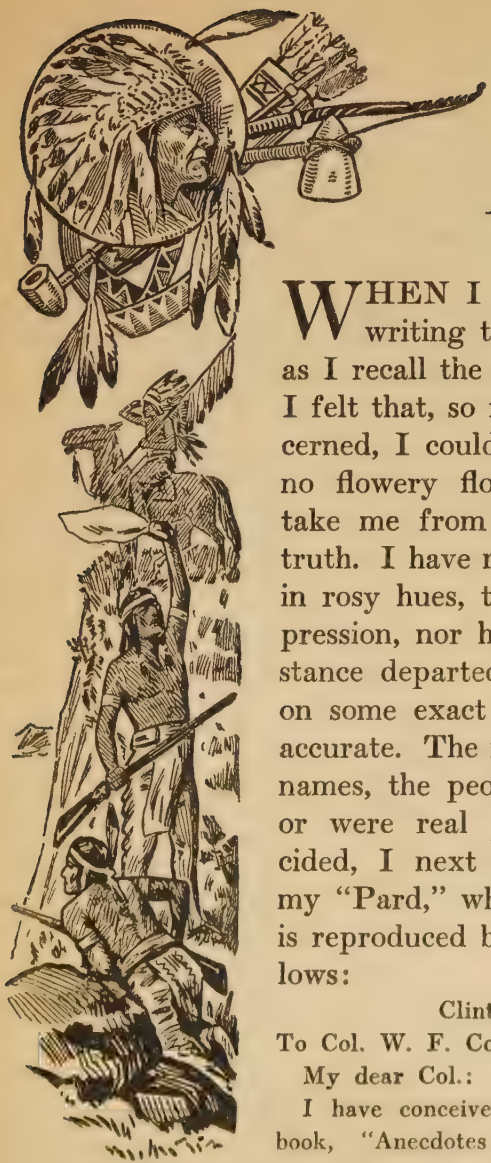
Now in his home at Clinton, Iowa, Winget, a hale man of seventy-seven, is writing down these things. For autobiography he says:

"So you want to know more of me? Ask ancient history west of the Missouri; ask the Confederate prison at Atlanta; ask every mile of Kansas Territory; ask Kansas City when she was known as Westport Landing; ask John Brown; ask the shade of General Custer; ask the shade also of Buffalo Bill, my companion and "Pard," of whom this book is written.

"But this is enough. If they want real Indian stories, let them ask me."

We have asked Dan Winget for them, and he has written for us what we believe to be the most interesting frontier experiences that have befallen any living man, now that his pal, Buffalo Bill, has passed on.

It gives me great pleasure to credit the story of the Pony Express to my good friend, Will Vischer, who got this story from the lips of Buffalo Bill and printed it in his book, "The Pony Express."



Preface

WHEN I conceived the idea of writing this series, true to life as I recall the scenes and anecdotes, I felt that, so far as facts were concerned, I could do it. I have made no flowery flourishes which would take me from the narrow path of truth. I have not dressed the stories in rosy hues, to make a yellow impression, nor have I in a single instance departed from facts, though on some exact dates I may not be accurate. The names I give are real names, the people of this story are or were real people. Having decided, I next asked permission of my "Pard," which, with the answer is reproduced by two letters, as follows:

Clinton, Ia., Oct. 17, 1911.

To Col. W. F. Cody.

My dear Col.:

I have conceived the idea of writing a book, "Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill that

have never appeared in print." I believe as well as anyone now living besides yourself, I am fitted to write this. It shall tell of our boyhood days, of days which we passed in the west, when the west was young; of the days when history was being made at the point of the pistol, and not infrequently at the end of a rope. Of the days of "bad men" and bad Indians. Many of the little stories you will recall and many of them will have been forgotten, but you'll recall them.

I shall not go into this without your permission, and to be honest with you I shall tell you now that our boyish pranks shall come to the foreground, no matter if they do hit us close. We were no worse than other boys and to tell the truth, we were no better.

Can you stand it?

Your boyhood pard,

D. H. Winget.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East

Enroute

Norfolk, Va., Oct. 30, 1911.

D. H. Winget.

My Dear Old Pard:—

You say you are going to write a book of "Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill that have never appeared in print."

You have my full permission. Stick to facts, write history, for in this particular line I know of no one more able to do it than yourself.

Of course it may hit hard in places, but we were no better than other boys. If you can stand it, I can, so fly at it.

And I wish you unbounded success.

Your friend and pard,

W. F. Cody,

"Buffalo Bill."

Norfolk. Va.
Oct. 30th 1911

D. H. Winget
My Dear old Pard.

You say you are going to write a book "Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill that's never appeared in Print."
You have my permission Dick to write history. For in this particular line I know of no one more able to do it than yourself. of course it may get hard in places. But we were no better than other boys. If you understand it I can rely on it.
And I wish you unbounded success
Your old friend Pard
"Buffalo Bill"

(Reproduced Facsimile Letter from "Buffalo Bill" to D. H. Winget, Author)

CHAPTER I

First "Pow-Wow"

DREAMING

ONCE in a while a man gets to dreaming, and the chances are that the past—way back—will unroll itself before him, and again he will live over his early days.

My pipe is lighted; it draws freely. Faces of friends appear in the smoke clouds and, as I greet them, they smile in recognition. Following the rolling, mixing, twirling clouds, I note a face I do not recall. It seems the face of a loved one gone before, yet the features are indistinct. A low, sweet voice I hear:

"I will be your Guiding Spirit through your dream."

It settled down close to me and, as it passed my face, I could almost recall the kiss of good-night after I had said,

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

It was my mother.

It is not that I am bright above the average that I am able to write these pages of snatches from

history, or a patch-work of memories. It is because I happened to be born about the time the history of the West was in the making, and that I was there.

In my time it has been my good fortune to meet and become acquainted with some of the men who have come into the limelight in our nation's history. I have met Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, Generals Custer, Pope, Miles, Mead, Blunt, Sheridan, Sherman, and others of military renown.

I have met Jesse James, the outlaw; Quantrell, the guerrilla; Red Cloud, the Sioux chief; Sitting Bull, Big Tree, Johnnie Ross, chief of the Delawares.

Among those who made western history, I have met Wild Bill (William Hickock), Simon Slade, Uncle Billy Russell, who owned the freighting trains that crossed the plains, drawn by oxen and mules, Pony Bob, one of the early riders of the Pony Express, and W. F. Cody, the original Boy Scout, who got his first Indian before he was sixteen years of age.

I knew also Susan B. Anthony, the mother of woman suffrage, and her brother, Col. D. R. Anthony, known as the fighting editor of Kansas.

This book has not to do with Indians entirely. It is not written to take a place in the line of those yellow-back, blood and thunder stories of the prairies, written by people who were never west of

the Ohio line or north of Kokomo, Indiana. It is intended to be a hashed history, if so I may term it. It does not take up the story, and follow, day by day, the doings of Buffalo Bill. That would be too much like the route card or itinerary of his Wild West show.

This is just a bunch of anecdotes of the boy and man, as they recur to me, backed by no notes or data save memory. It is not a history of the King of Scouts as a scout, though in the line of brave men, he was the bravest. It is not a tale of the Pony Express, though he was one of its first riders. It is not the story of the man as a show man, though he has been seen in the saddle with his pageant in nearly all of the larger cities of the world.

No, all this has been printed and reprinted in the public press, in magazines, in books, and is to many an old story.

It has been left to me, his boyhood chum and "pard," to gather up the threads here and there, which have been missing by the historians and story writers, because they did not know, and to weave them into the fabric of his life, using names as I can remember them, and dates where I am sure of them, but keeping so close to actual history that both the writer and the one written of can sit on a Bible and make affidavit to the whole. This is what we might call "patchwork history."

I have heard people say, speaking of Buffalo Bill, that he was never on the plains, never a scout, never saw an Indian, and never killed one. An editor in Cheyenne where, to my certain knowledge, Cody killed two Indians, writes in his "Sagebush Philosophy" that Buffalo Bill never saw a hostile Indian in his life, when there are at least two people living in that city (James Currie and Ed Estes), who were with us when Cody killed two Indians, and rescued a man named Hillyard Cooper from them after they had killed his wife before his eyes and had securely bound him to the wheel of his "moving" wagon.

Second "Pow-Wow"

THE BOY AND THE SETTING

I WILL venture to say that Buffalo Bill was the best known man in the United States, if not in the world. I say this because I believe I can prove it.

Some years ago, I mailed a letter to him from Clinton, Iowa, and it reached him in London, England. There was nothing on the envelope except a picture of him. In 1911 I sent many letters to him in this country, addressed the same way and they all reached him.

As I say, many people know him as Buffalo Bill, the showman, and Chief of Scouts of the United States. Still a large number know him as a guide and buffalo hunter. However, I am not afraid of

contradiction when I say that there is but a handful who knew him as "Billy Cody," the school boy.

Well, I am one of that handful. I know him as a boy—a school boy—and this is my excuse for writing this, the unvarnished story of his early life, with little sketches that I have never seen in print, and telling as truthfully as a mirror, his and our many pranks, pleasant and otherwise, as boys of the wild west.

It was the wild west then, back in the "fifties." True, we were boys, not young men. In this enlightened age, when our language is so plentifully sprinkled with slang, we would be called kids.

And we were kids, imbued with all the ginger and steam of the son of a goat; could not stand still for a minute, something doing all the time; our every day being Hallowe'en, and our nights spent laying out the program for the coming morn. Not bad kids, mind you. No better, no worse than others. Just boys bubbling over with health, good red blood, and on the best of terms with the world.

If in these pages there may be some things that do not agree with your ideas of what the boy of today should be, pass it over, for those pranks are but atoms of what seems to me ancient history.

They tell of days when the West was young; of the days before the noble Red Man was the fat,

easy-going old grunter he is today; of the days when the friendly tribes would come to town and shoot with their arrows a five-cent piece put up for a target; when your pet dog or cat looked to the friendly Indian only as a good, square meal, and they were made the victims of the bow and arrow; of the days when the friendly buck or squaw would enter your home without knocking and ask for "Chuckaway" which, translated, means food; and when these same bucks or squaws could be made to take a swift hike when they saw your mother reach for the tea kettle on the stove. They bore no ill feeling; they did not stop to reason or explain, nor did they look around; they vanished.

Those were the days when a cup of dark brown sugar would buy an Indian pony from the tribe. As a consequence, all of us had our own horses and, as a further consequence, most of our games were played on horseback. It was no uncommon thing way back then, to see a whole herd of school boys' ponies grazing on the playground, or standing patiently waiting the appearance of their young masters or mistresses, for girls had their ponies, too.

Billy was a splendid rider and always had a splendid mount. His ponies were all trained to come at his call, and there were few—very few—other persons who could approach them.

Third "Pow-Wow"

THE ORIGINAL BOY SCOUT

THERE are thousands of Boy Scouts all over the country. Has it ever occurred to you that the best known scout in the world is Buffalo Bill?

It is the spirit of the scout nature that makes this organization so fascinating. Take the great scout Cody for your example. First, be sure you are right, then go ahead. In the first place, be brave —cultivate that bravery which is born in every boy. Dare to do right, to *be* right; then have the courage of your convictions, and fight for them.

Let us take the early life of the great scout. His tastes were not low. His bravery as a boy was never questioned. He was open and above board in all his actions. He was not two-faced. He made a confidante of his father, who was an early pioneer of Iowa. The two were "pards." His noble mother had confidence in her boy because she knew he was true.

He was the champion of the weak. In short, he was a manly boy. All these things it takes to make a real Boy Scout.

Are you eligible, my boy, to follow the great scout? Think it over. Be on good terms with your father—be his "pard." Honor your dear mother — be her pride and her champion. Dare to do right; dare to be true, and you will be a Boy Scout worthy of the name.

The grand army of Boy Scouts is gradually surrounding the civilized world and, while not directly connected with this army, Buffalo Bill may safely be said to be the first or original Boy Scout. At the tender age of fifteen he went on his first scout.

Rumors were afloat of a band of Indians on the war path and Billy Cody mounted his pony to find out the truth of the matter. He rode half the night and was rewarded in his search by finding a large body of Cherokees. As he noted their movements, he saw that they were in a state of unrest, and that preparations were being made for something unusual.

After satisfying himself that all was not right, he turned his faithful pony toward home, and, as day was breaking, rode into Fort Leavenworth and reported the facts.

About that time, small trains or parties of movers or settlers were preparing to make the trip to the far West, and already had started. On the morning he rode in, a government supply train was getting ready to move. Billy's news caused the commander to send out a troop of cavalry instead. With them, Billy rode as guide and scout. This was his first trip as a scout.

Just at the point designated by him about two hundred Cherokees were found, in full war paint, and stripped for battle, massacre and robbery. At first sight of the troops, they mounted their horses, and, firing a few parting shots, dashed away, fol-

lowed by the cavalry with Billy well to the front. On this raid, eight able-bodied bucks were sent to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Billy was brought before the commander and thanked most heartily and, as a further testimonial of the government's recognition of his service, was presented with a fine, rangy horse, saddle and bridle, a pair of "Navy" revolvers and a cavalry carbine.

I tell you, Billy was proud of this, and when it became known, Billy was quite a hero, and I, being his chum, was just as proud as he.

The supply train moved with an escort of Uncle Sam's cavalry, and many of the westward-ho travelers dropped in behind and traveled with this strong escort of soldiers.

After this all trains were sent out with a military guard, and a scout or guide. Thus I claim that Billy Cody was the original Boy Scout.

Though years have passed since scouts were useful on our border, the thrilling life, the tales of dangers and bravery have held a fascination for the youth of all countries, and no more enticing name could be found around which to gather our boys than that of Scout.

The original Boy Scout is no longer in our midst. He loved the good, clean American boys such as are enrolled in the Boy Scout movement, and nothing pleased him so well as to sit alone with a bunch of Our Boys and hold a "pow-wow," as he termed it.

I have heard the old, long-haired scout talk with boys, and if his advice, as given to them, were accepted by every boy, America would boast a race of Boy Scouts noted for their clean character, their bravery, their chivalry. They would be boys and young men who would look you fearlessly in the eye and tell the truth. They would be brave, in that they would know that they were right and would fight for it.

They would honor and revere their country's flag and, as I have often seen this big Boy Scout do, would take off their hat to their country's emblem, and should the time come when it needed defenders, they would be in the first rank and on the firing line, ready, if need be, to lay down their lives for its honor.

That is the stuff good American Scouts are made of. "They are Our Boys," said Colonel Cody, "who will be our men, our rulers, our generals, our protectors."

In talking to a bunch of boys one day, the Colonel said:

"Boys, keep your hands clean. Don't do any dirty tricks of which you will be ashamed. Don't be afraid to tell the truth. Be brave enough to speak it, even if it goes against you. True bravery never hides behind a lie. That is the coward's breastworks. Keep your muscles hard, get out in the air, walk, ride, take exercise. Keep up with

"Boys, keep your hands clean," the Colonel said.

your studies; give your brain the same exercise you do your legs and arms. A cultivated and well-balanced brain is one of the things every great general must have, whether it be on the battle-field or in the great fight with the world as captains of industry.

"Salute your fathers as your superior officers; make them respect you. Show them that you are coming men. Take them in your counsel, meet on the level, and you will find them the nicest lot of fellows you ever met.

"A true soldier and scout holds the name of woman in reverence. Then, be a soldier true, and a scout. Show your mother and your sister that you are their protector, and that they may rely upon you. Don't get out of patience. Take steps for them; help them whenever you can relieve them of burden. It is not the mark of a "softy" or a goody-goody boy. It is the insignia of bravery, of chivalry, and the proud mark of a true Boy Scout of the later day.

"The same spirit that led the scout of the plains to fight the Indians, and protect the weak, stands in these days of civilization between the weak—our mothers, our sisters, and their burdens.

"I tell you boys, if I were a boy today, I would join the Boy Scouts, and make it my pride to keep the name pure, and its banner unstained."

Even while still a boy, Billy Cody formed a company of scouts to look out for the advance guard

of border ruffians and report whenever any of them crossed the river from Missouri. More than one preconceived raid was broken up by "Billy Cody's Boys."

Those were the days when the Missourians, or pro-slavery people were looked upon as dangerous, and were dangerous, for the gang embraced the roughs, outlaws, and the scum of humanity. They were men who were lawless and held life cheaply.

They sought the lives, not only of Isaac Cody, but of several other tried and true, pronounced men in favor of a free state for Kansas. If a handful of these resolute men could be put out of the way, it would be clear sailing for those in favor of slavery.

This organization was formed and led by Billy Cody, and he never slept. It did seem that he was constantly on the job. Our good and close chum, Harry Hathway, was another we could count on. Ed House, Henry Brown, Jimmy Mann, Pat Malone, Ed Hastings, Little Jimmy Tool, Will Winget, Dick Humphrey and Bob West were others. Also some Kansas girls were alert and, not infrequently, gave pointers.

Among those girls, true as steel, we recall: May Cody, Helen Cody, Laura Hughes, Flora Rush, Abbie Perkins, Clara Weibling, Mamie Sanders, and Carrie Helling. They were true blue, and, as I look at it now, they should have sailed under the name of "Girl Scouts." They were all girls of

true Western mettle; girls to whom the dangers of the border were well known, and for which they had no terrors. God bless our girl scouts, wherever they may be.

Fourth "Pow-Wow"

THE BOY NIGHT-HERD

BILLY CODY, at the age of twelve, got a job with Wagon Master Simpson, as night-herd, and his duties were to ride watch on the grazing cattle. Mr. Simpson was one of those rough, big-hearted men of the plains, and had taken quite a notion to Billy, and it was on his promise to take good care of the boy that Mrs. Cody gave her consent to his going.

One night when his train was corralled and all were peacefully sleeping in camp about a hundred miles east of Salt Lake, the notorious Lot Smith, the Danite, with a hundred of his white outlaws (Mormons) came riding by. They were taken for returning travelers and no notice taken of them until they came closer. Cattle were stampeded, horses were stolen, and the entire train crew forced to surrender.

Simpson was wagon master, and he and a few of his men had ridden quite a distance from the camp. The Danites, quite a body of white men, approached the camp, and those who were still awake, supposing them to be returning travelers, of which many were encountered, suspected no treachery and extended them the western hospitality of the camp.

This gave the Danites the opportunity they desired and, drawing their guns, disarmed the few, bound them, and in the same manner, secured the sleeping drivers.

Mr. Simpson and his men also were deceived and captured. Mr. Simpson, a man of iron nerve, proceeded to tell the Danite leader what he thought of him, and this course, instead of meaning murder, rather awakened the admiration of Lot Smith, who gave them their arms, and one wagon of supplies for food, and allowed them to depart for the East, leaving the remainder of the train and cattle to the Danites.

The defeated and disappointed men, knowing they were over-powered by numbers, took up their journey eastward, and later, as they climbed a hill, they could see the flames and smoke of their burning wagons and supplies.

Billy was a boy—a child—but this was his record long-distance walk. He footed it a thousand miles, which, as he told me in May, 1912, effectually broke him of walking.

Now, you Boy Scouts, when you are weary of a long hike, think of the original Boy Scout and his little hike of one thousand miles. Are you game?

CHAPTER II

Fifth "Pow-Wow"

HOUNDING THE ELDER

IN Leavenworth, many years ago, the Presbyterian Church stood between Seneca and Osage Streets. It was a little frame building with two front doors. Leading from each door down to the pulpit was an aisle with seats holding about eight people, on the north and south sides, and long seats holding about double the number in the center. It was so arranged that we could go in one door, down the aisle, and, passing the pulpit, out the other door. So much for the lay of the land.

Our preacher was Mr. A. W. Pitzer, now of Washington, D. C., a Southern man who, at the beginning of the Civil War, resigned and cast his fortunes with his home land.

He was a young man beloved by all and especially by the boys, with whom he was a great favorite. Now, you have the church, the pulpit, the pews and preacher.

I suppose in every church there is some vinegar-faced old elder who always finds fault with the boys, and is a constant menace to their exuberant

spirits. Our church had one. His name was Currie, "Old Currie" we called him, and he made us feel that he owned the church, that we must clean our feet, and tip-toe down the aisle, or he would "call" us before the congregation. More than once he led us out and made us clean our feet.

Now, we have the church and the elder, the lay of the land and so forth. Now, for the bad boys.

There were, in our crowd, about six or seven boys, and this bunch was reduced to three or four when any particularly "devilish" scheme was on foot. That was a quartet of quiet ones who never told.

About a half block from the church lived General Custer, who owned a pack of sixteen hounds.

We four, Billy Cody, Will Winget, Ed House and the writer were sitting on the sunny side of the Terry stage barn, talking, and airing our grievances as boys will, and the talk turned to "Old Currie." This conference led to putting up a job on "Old Currie."

Billy outlined a plan whereby we could get even with the old fellow.

This was Saturday afternoon and we knew that "Old Currie" was going to give a talk at the church the following Sunday morning, so it was proposed among us that we do something then.

Now, right here, I want to go on record as not saying that Billy Cody planned this prank, because

we all joined hands and crossed our hearts to never tell. However, here's what we did:

We got a scent-bag early in the morning and, from the dog kennel, we trailed it straight to the church. Ed got in a window and opened the doors.

The bag was dragged through the north door, down the aisle, up the pulpit steps, down through the south aisle, out of the door, through the back yard of Dr. Morris' residence, and out the front gate, back to the home kennel.

All was well, but we threw out our line of scouts to be sure that Currie was there, and not the preacher.

Things came our way. The elder, in his pompous way, marched up the aisle, put his Sunday "plug" hat on the table, and ascended the pulpit to address the congregation. He gave out the hymn, just like a preacher, prayed like a lost calf, and finally settled down to preach.

Word was quickly passed and the hounds were released and quickly took up the scent. Such music as those hounds did make! They all had the deep, hollow, baritone voice peculiar to their breed and struck up the chorus as a solid pack. They followed the scent down Pottawatomie Street, turning on Sixth Street, down through the church yard, yelping, howling, and baying. They rushed into the church door, down the aisle, up around the pulpit, knocking down the "plug" hat and the con-

tribution bags on their long sticks, tripping "Old Currie" as they rushed between his legs, overturning and breaking the glass water pitcher, spilling the water; out the south aisle and door, through Dr. Morris' yard and, as the surveyor would put it, "back to the place of beginning."

It was only by hearsay that I knew what took place in the church, but there sure was something doing. Women screamed and stood up on the seats; men were terrorized. Currie was scared stiff and well doused with water, while the crowd, trying to get out of the way of the dogs, tramped his plug hat into a shapeless mass.

My father told me that if one of his boys was connected with that scrape, he would tan the hide off of him; and he would, for I happen to know from experience.

The papers were full of it. I say papers, but there was but one paper at that time. It was the *Leavenworth Herald,* run by a man named Saterlee, who was afterwards shot and killed by Colonel D. R. Anthony.

Rewards were offered for the perpetrators, but they were never discovered.

We boys were scared stiff. We met at our rendezvous behind the barn and crossed our hearts never to reveal our secret. It was about this time that the pro-slavery ruffians from Missouri were making raids across the border, and it was finally laid at their door.

We did not, as kids, realize what we were doing, or the enormity of the offense, but when it became the talk of the town, we walked the earth with fear and trembling, even fearing lest we talk in our sleep and give ourselves away.

That was a great crowd of boys. I kept track of them long enough to know that one of them became a gambler and was shot on a steamboat; another a preacher and, at last accounts, was a bishop; still another drifted out on the plains as a wagon master; next is the best known man in the world, Billy Cody, who became the world-known Buffalo Bill. The last is the writer, now located in Clinton, Iowa, running a newspaper.

And now the spirit moves me to write a long letter of confession to our beloved pastor, Mister Pitzer, and tell him how it happened.

Sixth "Pow-Wow"

QUANTRELL, THE OUTLAW

MANY of the older people of the border will remember the burning and sacking of Lawrence, Kansas; the ruthless massacre of innocent men, women and children; the indiscriminate burning of homes and places of business.

Well, I was there, and here is how it happened. The management of the Terry Stage Line, wishing to transfer a lot of stage horses from Lawrence to Leavenworth, hired four boys to make the transfer. Each boy was to ride one horse and lead two. The boys were Ed House, Joe Mitchell, George Mar-

shall, and myself. We rode over on top of the stage coach and were ready to leave with the horses early the next morning. We had but got in our saddles, and the line-up of led horses ready, when the shooting commenced. Buildings were fired. The gang of guerrillas galloped down Massachusetts Street, firing at any living person. A panic of fear seized us and we started on the run. We were stampeded — crazed with fear. One of the horses of George Marshall's string was shot. We dashed down to the ford of the Kaw River, and that is the last I remembered until we were at Tonganoxie, miles away.

It is generally believed that Quantrell, the leader of the gang, was after the Rev. I. S. Kalloch, a Baptist minister, who had acquired property in Lawrence, but in former times, both had lived in Leavenworth. A bitter enmity had sprung up between the two men over a young lady who became the wife of Rev. Kalloch. This is the main reason guessed at for the fiendish raid of Quantrell and his gang.

Quantrell is remembered only as the daring desperado of Missouri, yet Quantrell was not always a desperado.

At one time he was our school teacher in Leavenworth, Kansas. He was well liked withal, but was in school hours a severe disciplinarian, sparing not the rod. At recess, however, he was on the playground with the boys and girls and took interest in the health-giving sports of that day.

It was April First, All Fool's Day, and the usual tricks of the day were in evidence. A party of the boys stretched a fine broom wire across the aisle at the approach to the teacher's desk.

The teacher approached the wire and it threw him onto the rostrom. For a moment there was a hush, and then Mr. Quantrell faced the school. I shall never forget that livid face, that glaring eye, that quivering lip. For a full moment there was silence. Then:

"John Jestice, lock the door and bring me the key.

"Now, I'm going to commence with the back seat and thrash every pupil unless I am told who did that.

"Who tied that wire in the aisle?"

Not a sound.

"Mary Hughes, step this way."

This was too much for Billy Cody, and up went his hand and he snapped his fingers.

"What is it, Billy?"

"She didn't do it."

"Who did?"

"She didn't."

"That's no answer. I shall proceed to thrash every boy and girl in this school until I get the right one. Come up here, Mary."

Billy got up from his seat and walked up to the rostrum.

"Mr. Quantrell, I did that."

"Did anyone else help?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I'd rather not tell — I'll take the licking for doing it. I didn't think it would hurt you. It was only done for a joke, and not in school hours."

"Take off your coat."

I can see Billy now after many years, how slowly and reluctantly he removed his jacket. I could see signs of a pretty big row, as the "big boys" straightened up in their seats.

"Billy, look me in the eye."

Billy looked into the eye of that infuriated teacher. It was a fearless gaze, and whether Quantrell was overcome by fear or admiration, we shall never know.

"Billy, if you had lied to me, I would have thrashed you till you couldn't move. You may go to your seat."

The tense feeling gradually disappeared and the school moved on as usual until recess. Our teacher was with us on the playground, and he bore no hard feeling toward Billy or any other of the boys.

Yet this man, Quantrell, our good-natured, beloved school teacher, became one of the most fiendish, bloodthirsty villains and murderers that ever lived. It doesn't seem possible, does it, Billy?

CHAPTER III

Seventh "Pow-Wow"

LONG BOW

DID you ever hear of that trait, or whatever you call it, which is peculiar to the Indians as to no other race, that of "appearing?"

Let me explain. You are out in the timber all alone, you think, and you turn your head and an Indian is beside you standing quietly looking at you.

I cannot explain it, and though I have heard the same question asked, I have never heard it explained. I have asked it often of my Indian friends and I have many, but they did not seem to know what I meant, or why it was so extraordinary. So I don't believe they know themselves. I guess it's born in them — a part of their make-up. He doesn't notice it. He doesn't explain it.

But that "appearing" was only a passing thought brought about by a wave of memory regarding our friend Long Bow.

Long Bow was an Indian boy about our own age, and often joined with us. By "us" I do not mean our school boy crowd, but just Billy and I.

It seemed that we were happier when astride our ponies. We took long rides, and builded air castles, whose foundations rested on the boundless prairies of the far west we had heard so much about. We wanted to grow up so that we could join the ever westward moving throngs to the land of gold.

On these rides, many times Long Bow was our companion. He taught us woodcraft. He taught us to follow a trail or how to blind our own trail. He taught us his language and also the almost universal sign language of the red man.

Long Bow was what we would call in this generation a "stand patter." He was true as steel, and a friend we could trust more implicitly than many of those in whose veins runs the blood of the white man.

They say an Indian never forgets an injury. True indeed, but let me add, he never forgets a kindness or proves ungrateful to a friend.

This was taught me by Long Bow who proved the line I have added.

One day in a beautiful Kansas autumn, Billy and I were alone in the big timber just west of Leavenworth. It was wild and deep, that timber. It had not given up to the march of civilization, nor cast aside its truly untamed mantle. Squirrels chased each other over the trees, the gray timber wolf had its home in that forest, and the wild cat and catamount were at home in the giant trees or skulking

along in the underbrush. It was wild western nature.

Our ponies were grazing near us, and we were lying on our backs building air castles, talking of what we would do when we were a little older, when —

Long Bow "appeared."

We both saw him at once, as he stood there like a statue.

"How," said he.

"How," said we.

Then he came and sat with us. He had a story to tell of some of the boys in town. They had misused him, and made him feel that he was but an Indian. They, in a crowd, had fallen upon him and given him a licking. In short they had horse-whipped him.

Long Bow, half-civilized Indian boy though he was, felt the indignity and came to us, his friends, to tell us. How he knew where to find us I do not know. He simply "appeared," and that was all.

In his short, crisp language, helped out and emphasized by signs, he told us of his battle with the town boys, and how, like cowards, they overpowered him and thrashed him with their quirts. He told us who they were, and asked us to help him.

"I shall kill Sardell," he said, "and that big Tom Watson."

Billy told him we would help him, and we all shook hands, just like grown-ups, both white and Indian.

Tom Watson was one of a gang that the school boys did not like. They did not go to school, and simply loafed around the levee, picking quarrels with the school boys and lamming the tar out of them if they caught one or two alone.

It was some weeks after this when Billy and this Tom Watson had a mixup. I don't remember who started it, but Billy gave him all he could stand. There were enough of Billy's crowd to see fair play and to keep off Tom's gang if they should interfere. It was a struggle. They were well matched, though. While Watson had the advantage of weight, Billy could get all around him and make it hot for him. Not fists alone were used but the ever present quirt was in the hands of each.

Long Bow was there. He stood ready to spring in, but we held him back, well knowing that fair play was all that was necessary. During a pause in the hostilities, Billy told him what a coward he was with his gang to jump Long Bow, and after a short wordy combat, as boys will indulge in, they went at it again, the quirts cracked, fists found noses, and the battle was on again.

Billy licked him, good and plenty, and then, after he let him up, after having knocked him down, he told him to apologize to Long Bow.

This he refused to do, and Billy went after him with the lash end of his quirt and gave him a real

horsewhipping, and finally made him take off his hat to the Indian boy.

That day's work meant bad blood between the school gang and the "rowdies," as we called them, and we took pains when we went down to the levee, to always go in crowds of three or four or a dozen.

Long Bow was our friend after that. He simply worshipped Billy and more than ever we had him for our companion.

* * * * * * *

Several years after that, when Billy had taken to the plains, he was scouting ahead of a train of prairie schooners, looking for traces of hostile Indians. Then the plains were full of them.

It was growing dusk, and Billy, riding alone far ahead of the train, came down to the bed of a creek to water his horse and himself. It was a lonely spot, he told me, thick willow under-growth on one side and a dense grove of sumac on the other. His horse had got its fill of water and Billy, who had laid down on his belly to get his drink, arose to find an Indian in war paint at his side.

"I tell you, pard," said Billy, "I felt cold all over. I felt it was all up with me for the Indian had the drop on me and he had a splendid gun, besides his long knife in his belt."

"How, Billy," said the Indian.

"How, Long Bow," said Billy, who recognized him at once, though the Indian boy had grown to a stalwart buck, fine of form, lithe and sinewy as a

wrestler — a typical savage in all the glory of his hideous war paint.

He took the bridle of Billy's horse and led it into the stream and up the creek to a stony shore, where he stopped.

"Billy, go back to wagons," said Long Bow. "Heap Indians over rise all on war path," and he started out with Billy, guiding him, covering his trail and keeping with him through the tortuous windings of the western stream until he reached a point nearest the train.

By this time it was night, and as the stars were out — a perfect, starry night without a moon — the Indian pointed to the North star. Then, facing it, he directed Billy to his train, some eight or ten miles to the northeast. He told him to hold his train in camp for two sleeps and then to take his regular trail, and his tribe would be far to the south.

The redskin friend in his war paint stood pat.

Billy walked for a distance leading his horse, and as he frequently looked behind he saw his friend standing watching him, until the darkness swallowed him up.

It afterwards transpired that if Billy and his train had fallen into the hands of that band of Indians, there would not one have lived to tell the tale.

Billy rode into camp late at night and gave orders that not a move should be made for two days though he did not tell why. But it saved the train.

Eighth "Pow-Wow"

A BOY WAGON MASTER

A BOUNDLESS prairie, a long train of white covered wagons, a hundred in number and to each hitched eight yoke of oxen — sixteen cattle, and walking beside each wagon, armed with a long-lash bull whip was a driver, or bull whacker, as they were called. This was the style of crossing the plains in those good old primitive days. Quite different from the mile-a-minute trains of elegant coaches which now flash over the same route.

Each train was in charge of a wagon master whose word was law, whose law was supreme. These trains were laden with provisions and ammunition for the soldiers far out on the western frontier stationed at crude camps called posts or forts, and it was up to the wagon master to deliver the goods. On him more than any other one man depended the sustenance of these western soldiers.

The bull whackers as a rule were a rough and ready, lawless set, and it required a man of iron nerve and tact to handle them.

The man in charge of this train was a mere boy — not yet 20, and yet he handled that crowd of men perfectly. They recognized in that boy a born leader, and though he was but the age of many of our boy scouts of today, he bore an air of command far beyond his years.

One move of mutiny, according to the laws of the plains, meant death. No time for courts, no time

for juries, no imprisonment, for there were not prisons. With the first mutinous move a crack of a rifle, and the leader was tried, convicted and sentenced. A single moment settled the case beyond recall, and all was over. As I said before, it required a man of iron nerve in the wagon master.

This boy had the nerve.
His word was law.
His commands were obeyed.
His name was Cody — Billy Cody.
He was a dead shot.

It was these attributes and accomplishments which made him the most trusted and successful wagon master of the plains, and another thing which won for him the respect of that great firm of freighters, was that he was true. He could be trusted. Many thousands of dollars worth of goods were placed in his charge, and they were always delivered intact to their destination.

Ninth "Pow-Wow"

HANDS UP!

FOR a long time the little city of Leavenworth, Kansas, had been infested by marauding gangs of outlaws from Missouri. They were known as Border Ruffians. They were of the lower class and were men whose mission was not pro-slavery, but robbery. These were men who would kill a man for money, and it was generally believed that they

were hired to put out of the way some of the leading Free State citizens.

One night just after Billy had got home from a scouting expedition, a tap was heard at his bedroom window, and Billy arose to find his Indian friend, Long Bow, awaiting him. He hastily dressed and armed himself, for no person went out without arms in those days. The young Indian told him that a party had crossed the river in skiffs and were at the foot of Pottawatomie street, on the river's edge. It took but a short time for Billy to size up the crowd of three — all desperate fellows. The white boy and the Indian watched their every move, and Billy crept so close on the overhanging bank that he could hear their conversation. It seems that Jim Lane, one of the Free State men, most hated, was in town, and it was the mission of these men to call him out and capture or kill him. It was late when one of their number started out on the mission, the others to follow shortly after, when Lane should be away from his house, the pretence being that Col. Weibling had sent for him. Billy dispatched the Indian boy to wake up the boys of our set, while he trailed the outlaw. The ruse was fairly successful, and Mr. Lane hastened to comply with the request, to come at once to Col. Weibling.

But they had not counted on "Billy," the boy scout. Just as Mr. Lane closed the window after receiving the message, and telling the messenger to wait and he would accompany him ——

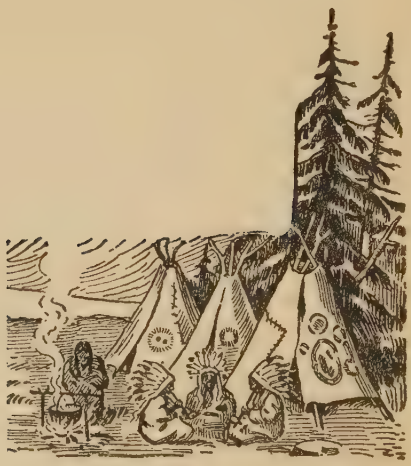
"Hands up!"

And the outlaw turned and looked into the muzzles of two navy revolvers. Billy was behind them. His hands went up, and Mr. Lane, hearing the altercation, came out at once.

"Take his pistols, Mr. Lane," said Billy. "He is here to kill you."

Mr. Lane took the pistols from the belt of the outlaw, and Billy marched him down to the jail on Delaware street.

The rest of the gang got uneasy and took to their boat, leaving their companion to the "court of the Vigilantes."



CHAPTER IV

Tenth "Pow-Wow"

I FULLY believe that the first blood in the cause of abolition of slavery which led up to the great Civil War, even before the martyr, John Brown, was executed, was shed by Isaac Cody, father of Buffalo Bill.

It was during those hot times when the fate of Kansas territory was trembling in the balance, whether she as a new state should be a slave state or a free state.

Mr. Cody was a good speaker and was urged at a mass meeting to give his views on the subject. He was not a man to seek notoriety, nor yet to push himself forward, but at the earnest solicitation of friends, and responding to loud cries of "Cody, Cody," he took the platform and in a ringing speech gave his views on the subject. He was not a man to mince matters, nor was he ever accused of being a weakling, or carrying water on both shoulders. People knew where to find him, and he had the courage of his convictions. He was fearless in all things and this attribute of bravery was born in his

son, who, through that inherited courage, became the bravest and most noted scout and pathfinder the world has ever known.

The speech of Isaac Cody did not sit well with the pro-slavery people, so he was threatened and hooted at by the border ruffians, a large majority of which made up the mass meeting. To threaten Isaac Cody was only to rouse the ire of a lion, and in unmistakable terms he gave his views of slavery and his unbiased opinion of those who would pollute the virgin soil of Kansas with its curse.

While engaged in his speech a big rowdy and a bad man known as Weston Red, stepped up behind him and with a large dirk knife stabbed him twice. As Mr. Cody fell into the arms of his friends, the big ruffian was taken care of by the mob from Missouri and got across the river.

Billy and I, two boys, thought of course he was killed, but he did not die at that time, but some time later he died from effects of those ugly wounds. This was the first blood for freedom.

I put this in my story to show the stuff of which Buffalo Bill was made.

Eleventh "Pow-Wow"

GRAVE BUSINESS

TRUTH to tell, the incident I am about to relate scared me so that I do not remember whether Billy Cody was with us that night or not,

but he was usually in on any excitement, and our crowd was never complete or at its best without him. Well, I'll not "peach" on him, anyhow.

A pauper had died and was buried. His case had been a puzzle to the doctors.

And one doctor who wished to know more of the case, wanted the body. He came to one of our crowd, "Hen" Brown, and offered him twenty dollars if he would get the body.

At the gathering of the "clan" that moonlight evening, "Hen" told us all about it, and where we could find the grave.

Here was a lark.

The boys were all up and ready for a creepy adventure, so, armed with spades, a pick and other garden tools, we started for Pilot Knob, the burying ground.

This was not the cemetery of today by any means. It was the table land at the top of a knob or huge hill, really a cross between a hill and a mountain. On one side, to the north, the ascent was gradual and winding, and it was on this side that the funerals approached the summit. On the east, the descent, while not absolutely perpendicular, was a very steep incline. The sides and top of the knob were covered with scrub oak bushes, with here and there a tree, the kind with the glossy, whispering leaves.

Ed House and the old doctor (Dr. Abeele), with a one horse spring wagon, drove around the road, and the rest of us cut across and up the steep side of the knob. We soon gained the top and found the newly made grave. We started to dig.

But where was Cody?

The moon came out from behind an occasional cloud, only to be veiled by another. The wind whistled a wild, weird tune through the tree-tops and bushes, causing them to assist our imagination in forming lisping ghosts and waving phantoms as their leaves showed bright in the moonlight like eyes from a skulking ghost or spirit.

Pretty soon we began to get nervous. We were only boys, just about the age when ghost stories give you a creepy feeling, and the cold little devils chase themselves up and down your spine.

"What's that?" said one.

"What is it?" said another.

"I saw something white over behind that bush," said George Pierce.

Suddenly we heard a low moaning from the bushes, just beyond the grave. It was low and plaintive at first, but soon it took on an unmistakable moan.

All work stopped. The two boys scurried out of the grave and stood with us. The moan again and, as we looked in its direction, a ghostly figure, all

in white, arose slowly up, up, till it stood, as we thought, ten feet high. It was a ghost. No, you needn't tell me there are no ghosts. I saw one; I heard it groan!

A panic seized us and, with one accord, we started down the steep side of Pilot Knob, leaving all our tools behind and, truth to tell, they may be there yet, for though I have often been up to the old burying ground, I have never had the courage to go near the old pauper's grave.

As I look back even now, when fifty years have passed without a ghost, I feel a shudder and a cold, clammy sensation as I recall that ten foot ghost in the grave yard on Pilot Knob.

Long, long afterward, when we were alone, Billy told me all about it. He had gone home, got a sheet and a white skirt and tied them up in a bundle and, while we were struggling up the hill, he drew apart from the crowd, and finally, dressed up in his ghostly uniform, "appeared," and frightened us off. He told me of the time he had to keep from laughing out loud and spoiling the whole thing. He had many a quiet laugh over it, all to himself, but never for a long time did he break the real truth to the boys.

The Leavenworth Herald had a big article about an attempted grave robbery, the finding of tools, etc., but we never peeped. We were all in it but we all kept quiet.

Twelfth "Pow-Wow"

IRON TAIL

THE reader will naturally inquire, "Who is Iron Tail?" Many have met the kindly natured old chief with the Wild West Show of later years. Iron Tail is not simply an "Injun," picked up to form a setting in the historical play.

Iron Tail is a part of history, of the history of the wild and woolly west. He is one of the chiefs whose name brought a thrill of fear to the people of the border. He was the leader among the red men and one in whose breast rankled the serpent of vengeance for the loss of their lands. It was he who led many a fatal raid and with the stolid glee of many an Indian, quietly lifted the scalps of his victims. Had Iron Tail been born a white man, his name would be known from coast to coast.

He was a born organizer. Among his people he was a recognized leader and, to this day, his name is spoken with reverence at all campfires of whatsoever tribe or nation. Among his people he was a conqueror and a general.

In the early days, long before the last great uprising, Col. Cody, then known as "Bill," did the young buck a favor. This was before the blanket and war bonnet of the far-famed chief, his father, had fallen to his keeping.

It was during a temporary peace, enforced undoubtedly by the presence of government soldiers, plentifully scattered on the plains and, at the time

when young "Pahaska" (the Indian name for Buffalo Bill) was feared by the red men as one who bore a charmed life, and was in touch with the Great Spirit.

Young Iron Tail wooed and won the daughter of the chief of another tribe, but the courtship met with no favor from her father. The young man, who always had an air of good camaraderie, and was on good terms with young Billy, called one night at his home near Leavenworth and, without knocking, "appeared" in the room with his gaze fixed on the young scout. There was no beckoning, no nod of the head, but simply "How," and he strode out of the door, Cody following.

The family, though somewhat used to these Indian moves, somehow feared treachery. The Indian seemed to sense it and, turning about, laid on the floor his gun and knife and, holding up his hands, with a smile, turned and joined Cody outside the home.

Here he told his trouble and asked the assistance of young Pahaska.

The following day Cody visited the tepee of the old chief and, after a long talk, making many promises of help against the Cherokees, a tribe more powerful than his own, succeeded in "showing the old man." However, it was not until after many "smokes" that the old chief finally consented. I may add here, in parenthesis, that it was a good move and one he never regretted, for, with the as-

sistance and "palaver" of Cody, the two tribes were united, together forming one of the most formidable and close Indian alliances on the plains.

(In the possession of Mrs. D. H. Winget, wife of the writer, is a beautiful beaded Indian belt, made by Iron Tail's bride, "Red Leaf," for Buffalo Bill and, by him, presented to the present possessor.)

This was the kindness Cody did for Iron Tail and was the beginning of a life-long friendship between these ill-assorted men, white and red. They were as firmly bound in friendship as brothers. Nay, more, for Iron Tail was Buffalo Bill's shadow, both with the show and on the big hunt which the two invariably took each year when the show was in winter quarters.

Thirteenth "Pow-Wow"

IRON TAIL'S TRIBUTE

THE writer of this was with Cody and with the Indians so much that he, like many other "border boys," learned to speak their language. Knowing Iron Tail for years and being known as Billy's friend, the old chief paid a beautiful tribute to his friend, "Pahaska," and it has been ringing in my ears till it seems to take the measured beat of rhyme. It follows, as nearly as I can translate it:

"I long for the plains of the boundless West, the seas of waving green, the Buffalo bounding free and wild, and the yelp of the coyote lean.

"I long for the days of long ago, when the Red Man wooed the squaw, and sailed his love, his red-skin doe, on the waves of the raging Kaw.

"I long for the days when I was young, with my quiver and trusty bow, when Pahaska, the long-haired chief, was young and was good to know.

"I am growing old, my eye is dim, my life has been long and, 'round the mystic campfire, my friends await in the Happy Hunting Ground.

"Pahaska, my friend, is true to me; "We are pards," he says, "old boy," and the firm clasp of the long-haired chief to old Iron Tail brings joy.

"We are nearing the last long sleep, we two, Pahaska, my friend, and I, so what care I, with my brother white, how swiftly time may fly.

"For soon the tom-tom will beat for me, and the Red Men gather 'round, and dance the dance of death, you see, ere I leave for the Hunting Ground.

"And Pahaska, long-haired chief, will kneel and talk to the Spirit Great about old Iron Tail, the chief, his friend and Indian mate.

"And then I'll go to my horse and dog, who will bark and leap and bound, and, with my pipe, for my friend, I'll wait in the Happy Hunting Ground.

"And Pahaska will come to greet me there, far off through the boundless blue, to the Spirit Great will take me, as a Red Man, tried and true."

Fourteenth "Pow-Wow"

A TRAPPER

THOUGH still what we would call a kid, Billy started with a companion, Dan Harrington, on a hunting and trapping expedition along the Republican River in Kansas, taking a yoke of oxen and a wagon of supplies. They had excellent luck with beavers and were getting along fine, until one of their oxen broke its leg and had to be shot. This left them crippled. Added to this, Billy broke his leg while stalking elk, slipping on an icy ledge, and falling to the creek below. This rather took the tuck out of little Billy, and he begged Harrington to shoot him and put him out of his misery.

Harrington, however, bandaged up the broken leg as best he could and, fixing Billy up as comfortably as possible, started for the nearest settlement, about 125 miles away. He wanted to get a yoke of oxen and return for Billy. With the best of luck it would take at least twenty days. That was a long time to leave a boy alone in a dug-out with a broken leg.

However, there was no other way out of it, so before leaving he gathered plenty of wood, and provisions were there. Then he bade Billy good-bye and started on his long walk. As Billy told of it afterward, it was a long, tiresome wait.

On the twelfth day after Harrington left, Billy was awakened by someone touching him on the shoulder. He looked up and saw an Indian in full war paint standing by his side. He spoke in broken

English and Sioux, and asked Billy what he was doing there, and how many were with him.

"I told them," said Billy, "for by this time the dug-out was filled with Indians.

"Then an old Indian came up to me and I recognized Chief Rain-in-the-Face of the Sioux, whom I had visited at his lodge near Fort Laramie. I showed him my broken leg and asked him if they were going to kill me.

" 'That is what they intend to do,' said the chief, 'but I will see what they say about it.'

"The old chief had a talk with his braves and they concluded to spare the life of the 'papoose,' but they took my gun and revolver and most of my food, but were good enough to give me some after it was cooked."

However, to make a long story short, they went away, leaving Billy alone again, and it was a long, tedious, painful wait. Snow had fallen and wolves howled and scratched at the door of the dug-out. Billy was alone there, and without arms of any kind to protect himself should they enter.

On the twenty-ninth day Billy was made glad by the voice of Harrington as he yelled, "Whoa—Haw!" to his oxen. Billy said he simply put his arms around Dave's neck and hugged him, so glad was he to see his faithful friend.

In a few days the furs were loaded into the wagon and the comrades took their slow way to the

settlement. Billy rode on a bed of fur which today would be worth several thousand dollars.

They sold their wagon and furs at Junction City and went with a government train to Leavenworth. Here Dave was made a welcome guest at Cody's home.

Now, you Boy Scouts, this is just a chapter in the life of a boy like yourself who had nerve and endurance. How many of you would relish a similar experience?

CHAPTER V

Fifteenth "Pow-Wow"

WESTERN GIRLS

TO write this little sketch, I have taken to the woods. Memory here, aided by the sighing of the wind in the trees, carries me back to the heavy, timbered banks of the Missouri River, in the days when the West was a trackless wilderness, when the forests were a dense network of trees, bushes and undergrowth, and the prairies one grand Atlantic Ocean of green, billowing, waving grass.

This is the setting for our playground as boys. In those wild western days, danger lurked on every hand. The Indians were not the subdued people they now are; the white man was counted his game, the same as the buffalo or other wild animals, but more — he was counted their enemy, and the basis of an Indian's worth and prominence with his tribe was gauged by the number of white people's scalps which dangled from his belt.

So you can see that the playground of the western boy was full of danger. The boys of the West were trained to these dangers, and were always prepared. They had their fire-arms and, what is more, they could use them. Where the boys of today go

a few blocks to a park or ball ground for their pleasure, miles, and sometimes many of them, were compassed in our wild western games.

Our ponies were our true, tried friends; our rifles, our constant companions.

As I sit here writing, the wind sings a song and lulls me to sleep. I am carried back on the enchanted rug, the magic carpet of memory. Billy and Long Bow, our Indian friend, are with me. Our ponies graze quietly nearby; we look up through the leafy branches of the mammoth oak and build our air castles.

It is nearing evening, the sun shines through the trees, making patches of shifting light on the grass, as the soughing wind rustles through the branches.

Long Bow, with his acute sense, hears something which brings him to his feet. We all arise.

Nearer and nearer came the hoof beats — a horse on a dead run. Nearer and nearer it came and, in the opening, with her black hair flying in the wind, urging her pony to its best, came May Cody, Billy's sister.

"Quick, boys, the raiders!" she said and, at once, we were on the way back to town.

Our ponies seemed to know that their best was expected, and buckled down to the race. Others of the "girl scouts" had given the alarm and the raiders were quickly turned away, but not till two of their number were fixed for a funeral.

Billy's rifle cracked and an arrow from Long Bow did a good service. Others of the "boy clan" were on hand and the raiders who swooped down when the men folks of the little settlement were away, were taken care of by Billy and his boy scouts.

The raiders rode rapidly away to the south, and no more was heard of them at that time.

It is but fair to say that Long Bow, with the Indian in his nature, scalped his man, and after completing the job, raised the hair of Billy's victim and presented the scalp to Cody, who told him to keep it. Thus, at least one Indian had an extra scalp to his credit.

At a meeting of the citizens in the evening, much praise was awarded Billy and his boys, and one of the speakers said, "We can always feel safe if Billy Cody is at home."

You can just bet that all the boys and girls were proud of their brave young leader.

Times are tame now. The West is conquered. The vast prairies are seas of golden grain. The trail of the "bull outfit" has given way to steel rails and the comet-like train of luxurious coaches. The buffalo, with the Indian, are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, and soon, yes, before this book has worn out, the only evidences we shall have of the wild west and its red men, its wolves, its buffalo, its catamounts, its broad, wild prairie, will be the printed page of the historian. Even then, many will call it an over-drawn picture.

Sixteenth "Pow-Wow"

PARDS

THIS was written some years ago. By "Pards," I mean Buffalo Bill and myself, and in this connection, will state that when Buffalo Bill died, there were twelve of the old scouts of the plains alive. But now, since the death of Col. Boggs of Mattoon, Ill., which occurred a year ago, I find myself alone — the last of the old scouts.

But here's the article on pards:

Darn this pipe. I never get it fairly going, but I begin to see things. It seems that the smoke simply resolves itself into a moving picture, and drawing on memory, throws on the ever changing screen, "days of long ago."

Not in a comfortable arm chair at a place called home; not with warm slippers, or the latest Christmas gift dressing gown, we read about in stories. No, not surrounded with these lazy creature comforts, but at my desk—my workshop, tarrying after the wheels have stopped, the machinery silent and nothing going but my pipe.

Oh, you fascinating, comforting Lady Nicotine. You who transform realities into dreams; you who with your soft, sense-soothing anaesthetic draw a veil of the past twixt trouble, worry, sadness, hopelessness and I.

Am I dozing off, or just remembering?

The low, soft orchestra, almost a song of united instruments, fills the air with songs of long ago.

Two boys are in a little western church. The choir is softly, sweetly singing.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me ——"

The good, old, fatherly gray-haired preacher kneels and prays for the souls of his flock. He pictures the suffering of the Saviour, and through the films of smoke I see the loving Saviour with hand outstretched to me; I hear Him say: "Son, give me thy heart," a soft, sweet voice of a motherly old lady approaches us — my pard and I. She kneels by us, and with her hand on our shoulders prays for "these two dear boys."

This was the dear Christian woman known by all as Aunt Emaline. Our boyish hearts were touched, and even now though more than half a century has passed, I feel the thrill as then.

"Simply to Thy cross I cling," sang the choir, and the fatherly old man invited all to come forward and give themselves to "the one who died that we might live."

"Shall we go?" said my pard. "Come on up, my boys, with Aunty," said the good woman, and as we walked down the aisle of that little church, the choir sang.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

That was more than half a hundred years ago.

Where are the promises made by boyish lips? Where are those who worshipped then? Where are the hopes, the resolutions, the bright outlook? — dust and ashes.

The scene changes, and the moving film shows me two young men, strong, stalwart, and in the prime of life. The west was no longer young. A city had grown from the village, and it had built away from that little church, leaving that little house of worship, surrounded by its marble markings of the dead, far out in the suburbs. Shrubbery and wild bushes had grown up, and what were bushes before were now well grown trees. The grave yard was overgrown with weeds, flowers and bushes — nature's veil of forgetfulness.

But still it was the house of the Saviour — it had not outlived its usefulness.

As we, my pard and I, walked slowly that night by the little church, we heard

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

"Wait," said my pard, "Do you remember?"

"Yes," said I.

"Let's kneel," said he. And in the dense growth of bushes we knelt, and — remembered.

Pard has gone now. I wonder if he remembers still?

CHAPTER VI

Seventeenth "Pow-Wow"

"AND A PROTESTANT, TOO!"

(Written in 1910)

LITTLE Matt Malone, one of our neighbor boys of Irish extraction, was set upon by a gang of levee roughs, who not only abused the little fellow, but took from him his "beads" as they called it. It was his rosary, and was highly prized by him.

Billy went in and licked the bully, and rescued little Matt.

"The dirty divil has me rosary," said Matt.

"What's a rosary?" said Billy.

He told Billy what it was and he went to the bully and made him hand over "that string of beads, and do it quick, too." The bully, now recovered from the last punch Billy give him, showed signs of fight. Billy, recognizing the sign, went at him and gave him such a licking as he remembers today, if he still lives. He got the "beads" and though they were broken in the struggle, and the crucifix separated from the rest, he returned them to poor little Matt.

His mother, telling of the affray to the neighbors and Sisters of Charity, spoke very highly of Billy, and at the end of each sentence she said: "And a Protestant Boy, too! Think of that."

As I look back at it, I have to laugh as I recall Billy's words as he punched the bully.

"Gimme that picture of Jesus, gimme that picture of Jesus."

This he repeated as he punched the bully, until it was finally handed him, and Billy returned the little metal image of the Saviour to little Matt.

Billy was not quarrelsome, and I never knew him to get into a mixup on his own account. He was at all times ready to take up the wrong of somebody else, and as a rule all his little fracases were made for him, and he jumped into it and cleaned it up.

Bravery is not confined to killing Indians, to taking up the fights of other boys, or to fighting in general, but it reaches farther and deeper than all these.

It means to defend the right as God gives you to see the right. It means for boy scouts or men scouts who profess to be brave, to ally all their forces with the right, to take the part of the poor and weak in all cases, as for instance the nature of the "Old Scout" in private life. Let us see how this figures out:

The deadly bow and poisoned arrow are of the past. The bow string is broken; the arrows repose in their quiver as they hang on the wall of the lodge. The rifle no longer responds to the deadly aim and unerring trigger of the Indian fighter. The buffalo no longer roams the prairie. The trackless plains have been gridironed by the steel pathway of the avenues of commerce. Our country has been cap-

tured from savagery and has succumbed to civilization.

But still there's room for bravery, chivalry and scouting. Has the "Old Scout" lost his nature? Has he ceased to take up the fights and right the wrongs of the oppressed?

In his everyday life he sees opportunities to help the poor and take up the cause of the under dog in the battle of life.

See him in the arena, placing history before you. See him in action in the mimic warfare of the Wild West. See him as he proudly rides at the head of the rough riders of the world and introduces to you the Congress of Rough Riders.

But behind the scenes, he is a busy man. In his tent, while the big show is going on, he is answering telegrams, letters, etc., and keeping in touch with his private work all over the country. Here is a letter authorizing his bank in this or that city to see that old Mr.——, a veteran of the plains, has the comforts of life. Here goes his draft out to the widow of Pony Bob in Chicago, to ease her declining years. Here a letter of good cheer to this or that friend in an isolated village away in the west, the south or east. Here a donation for charity to be handled by friends whom he knows he can trust. Here a letter to a Commercial Club, in this or that city where he has interests, and all, yes all, are written in a spirit of chivalry, in many instances backed by the weapon of cash, to drive the wolf from the

door, or bolster up an unfortunate friend who's "pulling hard against the stream."

If Buffalo Bill dies a poor man, it will not be for the reason that he has not made money, but because of the open hand of generous charity which has characterized his life from boyhood.

Many times in our boyhood has Billy led the "clan" around with saws and axes to the home of this or that poor old couple or widow, to get in their winter wood. Many a time have we made war on the timber and hauled to the homes of these unfortunates, cords of wood. And all this suggested Billy, who as our recognized leader never said "go and do" this or that, but "Let us go and do it."

An old lady lay sick. She was poor. Billy took up her case, and in school told all about her misfortune. He grew interested in his talk and, while I've heard him try to speak "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," he never spoke so well, nor so eloquently as when he was telling the story of that poor old Irish lady.

"Mr. Quantrell," said he, for it was the Quantrell who afterwards became the notorious outlaw who led the massacre at Lawrence, Kansas, who was our teacher, "Mr. Quantrell, may I pass the hat?"

"Certainly, Billy," said he, "and here's a dollar to start you off."

Billy took his hat, went down into his own pocket first, and when our teacher put in his dollar it struck another piece of coin. The hat was passed, and the

dimes and quarters showed a goodly spirit in the school children (there were no pennies there).

Again the same spirit of chivalry came to the front when he started a contribution for a poor woman and her children out in a mining camp, a reference to which is made in a little verse.

But these are only a few of many cases. As I say, if Buffalo Bill dies a poor man, it is because he delighted in the game of "Help your neighbor" and I am not so sure but that he will even in this life realize the full meaning of the verse in our Saviour's teaching, "He that giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

Boys, can you be the same kind of true blue "Cody Scouts?"

Eighteenth "Pow-Wow"

TWO BILLYS

IF the modest little town of LeClaire, Iowa, on the banks of the Mississippi never takes on a boom and gets into the limelight in the commercial world, she still has her place on the map, as the birthplace of Buffalo Bill, and is the town where Hon. W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, was born. Both these boys have grown to manhood, and preserved the same hardy, undaunted spirit of their pioneer ancestors.

They were both born poor boys and started in life without a pull, and by their own unaided efforts

have carved out their own way to fortune and to fame.

Mr. Brown taught the effete east how to do things. He pioneered or pushed into the mazes of big business, and became a great captain of industry. With him it was not a leap to the top of the ladder. He did not bound to the driver's seat and take the reins of that mighty business. It was his motto to work. There was no job too small for him to start on, and with every job he got he learned a higher lesson in the school of life.

Mr. Brown was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but what is far better, he had the good red bounding blood of the west—the blood of pioneers, of a father and mother who looked the setting sun in the face and dared to follow its call to the new country beyond the Mississippi.

Here they settled and here they built their humble western shack, and with other pioneers, did their share towards the reclamation of the west from its savage nature.

Here, on the banks of the Mississippi, a future captain of industry first saw the light. Right in the little settlement of LeClaire, washed on the east by the swift running Father of Waters, and backed by the rounding timbered hills which line its banks, he was a boy, who from childhood up, lived with a purpose. Step by step he accomplished things, at first the work or play of childhood, and as he surmounted one obstacle, reached out for the next to

conquer. His school days were passed in the primitive western school. A slab of lumber for a seat, and the simplest surroundings, withstanding the lure of the fishing rod, or the seductive call of Bob White, till after school hours.

Like Billy Cody, he was a born leader, and while Cody in his conquering went to the further western wilds, Billy Brown found that the east needed a conqueror in certain lines, and true to his native born principles went after it.

If the great president of railroads reads this, sketched in primitive style, just sixteen miles from his birthplace, he may smile and poof-poof. Then, he will light another of those big cigars and as he lies back in the easy chair in his sumptuous apartments in New York City, the smoke in its convolutions will form memory pictures. It will take him back to LeClaire, it will paint for him pictures possible to no other artist, faces long forgotten will appear, he will call names he has not spoken for years.

See that barefoot boy going past with the fishing rod, the cows coming home, the tinkle of the cow bell just up on the hill — the boys' gathering place under the spreading elm. Billy, the elm is all that is left of the old crowd, save one or two people who have grown gray as the elm has grown green, but many of our old friends' voices have long been hushed and a stone marks their resting place.

Little old LeClaire still holds out a welcome for her two Billys—one who wandered west and one who wandered east.

CHAPTER VII

Nineteenth "Pow-Wow"

THE PONY EXPRESS

COLONEL CODY, in telling the story of his own experiences with the Pony Express, says:

"The enterprise was just being started. The line was stocked with horses and put into good running order. At Julesburg I met Mr. George Chrisman, the leading wagon master of Russell, Majors, and Waddell, who had always been a good friend to me. He had bought out 'Old Jules,' and was then the owner of Julesburg Ranch, and the agent of the Pony Express line. He hired me at once as a Pony Express rider, but as I was so young he thought I was not able to stand the fierce riding which was required of the messengers. He knew, however, that I had been raised in the saddle, that I felt more at home there than in any other place, and he saw that I was confident that I could stand the racket, and could ride as far and endure it as well as some of the old riders. He gave me a short route of forty-five miles, with the stations fifteen miles apart and three changes of horses. I was fortunate in getting well-

broken animals, and being so light I easily made my forty-five miles on my first trip out, and ever afterward.

"As the warm days of summer approached, I longed for the cool air of the mountains; and to the mountains I determined to go. When I returned to Leavenworth I met my old wagon master and friend, Lewis Simpson, who was fitting out a train at Atchison and loading it with supplies for the Overland Stage Company, of which Mr. Russell, my old employer, was one of the proprietors. Simpson was going with this train to Fort Laramie and points farther west.

" 'Come along with me, Billy,' said he. 'I'll give you a good lay-out. I want you with me.'

" 'I don't know that I would like to go as far west as that again,' I replied. 'But I do want to ride the Pony Express once more; there's some life in that.'

" 'Yes, that's so; but it will soon shake the life out of you,' said he. 'However, if that's what you've got your mind set on, you had better come to Atchison with me and see Mr. Russell, who, I'm pretty certain, will give you a situation.'

"I met Mr. Russell there and asked him for employment as a Pony Express rider; he gave me a letter to Mr. Slade, who was then the stage agent for the division extending from Julesburg to Rocky

Ridge. Slade had his headquarters at Horseshoe Station, thirty-six miles west of Fort Laramie, and I made the trip thither in company with Simpson and his train.

"Almost the first person I saw after dismounting from my horse was Slade. I walked up to him and presented Mr. Russell's letter, which he hastily opened and read. With a sweeping glance of his eye he took my measure from head to foot, and then said:

" 'My boy, you are too young for a Pony Express rider. It takes men for that business.'

" 'I rode two months last year on Bill Trotter's division, sir, and filled the bill then, and I think I am better able to ride now,' said I.

" 'What! Are you the boy that was riding there, and was called the youngest rider on the road?'

" 'I am the same boy," I replied, confident that everything was now all right for me.

" 'I have heard of you before. You are a year or so older now, and I think you can stand it. I'll give you a trial, anyhow, and if you weaken you can come back to Horseshoe Station and tend stock."

"Thus ended the interview. The next day he assigned me to duty on the road from Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater — a distance of seventy-six miles — and I began riding at once. It was a long piece of road,

but I was equal to the undertaking, and soon afterward had an opportunity to exhibit my power of endurance as a Pony Express rider.

"For some time matters progressed very smoothly, though I had no idea that things would always continue so. I was well aware that that portion of the trail to which I had been assigned was not only the most desolate and lonely, but it was more eagerly watched by the savages than elsewhere on the long route.

"Slade, the boss, whenever I arrived safely at the station, and before I started out again, was always very earnest in his suggestions to look out for my scalp.

" 'You know, Billy,' he would say, 'I am satisfied yours will not always be the peaceful route it has been with you so far. Every time you come in I expect to hear that you have met with some startling adventure that does not always fall to the average express rider.'

"I replied that I was always cautious, made detours whenever I noticed anything suspicious. 'You bet I look out for number one.' The change soon came.

"One day, when I galloped into Three Crossings, my home station, I found that the rider who was expected to take the trip out on my arrival, had gotten into a drunken row the night before and had been killed. This left that division without a rider. As it was very difficult to engage men for the serv-

ice in that uninhabited region, the superintendent requested me to make the trip until another rider could be secured. The distance to the next station, Rocky Ridge, was eighty-five miles and through a very bad and dangerous country but the emergency was great and I concluded to try it. I, therefore, started promptly from Three Crossings without more than a moment's rest; I pushed on with the usual rapidity, entering every relay station on time, and accomplished the round trip of 322 miles back to Red Buttes without a single mishap, and on time. This stands on the records as being the longest Pony Express journey ever made.

"A week after making this trip, and while passing over the route again, I was jumped on by a band of Sioux Indians who dashed out from a sand ravine nine miles west of Horse Creek. They were armed with pistols, and gave me a close call with several bullets, but it fortunately happened that I was mounted on the fleetest horse belonging to the express company and one that was possessed of remarkable endurance. Being cut off from retreat back to Horseshoe, I put spurs to my horse, and lying flat on his back, kept straight for Sweetwater, the next station, which I reached without accident.

Upon reaching that place, however, I found a sorry condition of affairs, as the Indians had made a raid on the station the morning of my adventure with them, and after killing the stock tender had driven off all the horses, so that I was unable to get a re-

mount. I, therefore, continued on to Ploutz's Station, twelve miles farther, thus making twenty-four miles straight run with one horse. I told the people at Sweetwater Bridge, and went on and finished the trip without any further adventure.

"About the middle of September, the Indians became very troublesome on the line of the stage road along the Sweetwater. Between Split Rock and Three Crossings they robbed a stage, killed the driver and two passengers, and badly wounded Lieutenant Flowers, the assistant division agent. The red-skinned thieves also drove off the stock from the different stations, and were continually lying in wait for the passing stages and Pony Express riders, so that we had to take many desperate chances in running the gauntlet.

"The Indians had now become so bad and had stolen so much stock that it was decided to stop the Pony Express for at least six weeks, and to run the stages only occasionally during that period; in fact, it would have been impossible to continue the enterprise much longer without restocking the line.

"While we were thus all lying idle, a party was organized to go out and search for stolen stock. This party was composed of stage drivers, express riders, stock tenders, and ranchmen — forty of them altogether — and they were well armed and well mounted. They were mostly men who had undergone all kinds of hardships and braved every danger,

and they were ready and anxious to "tackle" any number of Indians. Wild Bill, who had been driving stage on the road and had recently come down to our division, was elected captain of the company. It was supposed that the stolen stock had been taken to the head of Powder River and vicinity, and the party, of which I was a member, started out for that section in high hopes of success.

"Twenty miles out from Sweetwater Bridge, at the head of Horse Creek, we found an Indian trail running north toward Powder River, and we could see by tracks that most of the horses had been recently shod and were undoubtedly our stolen stage stock. Pushing rapidly forward, we followed this trail to Powder River; thence down this stream to within about forty miles of the spot where old Fort Reno now stands. Here the trail took a more westerly course along the foot of the mountains, leading eventually to Crazy Woman's Fork — a tributary of Powder River. At this point we discovered that the party whom we were trailing had been joined by another band of Indians, and judging from the fresh appearance of the trail, the united body could not have left this spot more than twenty-four hours before.

"Being aware that we were now in the heart of the hostile country and might at any moment find more Indians than we had lost, we advanced with more caution than usual and kept a sharp lookout. As we were approaching Clear Creek, another trib-

utary of Powder River, we discovered Indians on the opposite side of the creek, some three miles distant. At least we saw horses grazing, which was a sure sign that there were Indians there.

"The Indians, thinking themselves in comparative safety, never before having been followed so far into their own country by the white men, had neglected to put out any scouts. They had no idea that there were any white men in that part of the country. We got the lay of their camp, and then held a council to consider and mature a plan for capturing it. We knew full well that the Indians would outnumber us at least three to one, and perhaps more. Upon the advice and suggestion of Wild Bill, it was finally decided that we should wait until it was nearly dark, and then after creeping as close to them as possible, make a dash through their camp, and then stampede the horses.

"This plan, at the proper time, was very successfully executed. The dash upon the enemy was a complete surprise to them. They were so overcome with astonishment that they did not recover from the surprise of this sudden charge until after we had ridden pell-mell through their camp and got away with our own horses as well as theirs. We at once circled the horses around toward the south, and after getting them on the south side of Clear Creek, some twenty of our men, just as the darkness was coming on, rode back and gave the Indians a few parting shots. We then took up our line of march

for Sweetwater Bridge, where we arrived four days afterward with all our own horses and about one hundred captured Indian ponies.

"The expedition had proved a grand success, and the event was celebrated in the usual manner — by a grand spree. The only store at Sweetwater Bridge did a rushing business for several days. The returned stock hunters drank and gambled and fought. The Indian ponies, which had been distributed among the captors, passed from hand to hand at almost every deal of cards. There seemed to be no limit to the rioting and carousing; revelry reigned supreme. On the third day of the orgy, Slade, who had heard the news, came up to the bridge and took a hand in the 'fun,' as it was called. To add some variation and excitement to the occasion, Slade got into a quarrel with a stage driver and shot him, killing him almost instantly.

"The boys became so elated as well as 'elevated' over their success against the Indians, that most of them were in favor of going back and cleaning out the whole Indian race. One old driver especially, Dan Smith, was eager to open a war on all the hostile nations, and had the drinking been continued another week he certainly would have undertaken the job single-handed and alone. The spree finally came to an end; the men sobered down and abandoned the idea of invading the hostile country. The recovered horses were replaced on the road, and the

stages and Pony Express again began running on time.

"Slade, having taken a great fancy to me, said, 'Billy, I want you to come down to my headquarters and I'll make you a sort of supernumerary rider, and send you out only when it is necessary.'

"I accepted the offer and went with him down to Horseshoe, where I had a comparatively easy time of it. I had always been fond of hunting, and I now had a good opportunity to gratify my ambition in that direction, as I had plenty of spare time on my hands. In this connection I will relate one of my bear hunting adventures.

One day, when I had nothing else to do, I saddled up an extra Pony Express horse and struck out for the foothills of Laramie Peak for a bear hunt. Riding carelessly along, and breathing the cool and bracing mountain air which came down from the slopes, I felt as only a man can feel who is roaming over the prairies of the far West, well armed and mounted on a fleet and gallant steed. The perfect freedom which he enjoys is in itself a refreshing stimulant to the mind as well as the body. Such indeed were my feelings on this beautiful day as I rode up the valley of the Horseshoe. Occasionally I scared up a flock of sage hens or a jack rabbit. Antelopes and deer were almost always in sight in any direction, but as they were not the kind of game I was after on that day I passed them by and

kept on toward the mountains. The farther I rode the rougher and wilder became the country, and I knew that I was approaching the haunts of the bear. I did not discover any, however, although I saw plenty of tracks in the snow.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon, my horse having become tired, and myself being rather weary, I shot a sage hen, and, dismounting, I unsaddled my horse and tied him to a small tree, where he could easily feed on the mountain grass. I then built a little fire, and broiling the chicken and seasoning it with salt and pepper which I had obtained from my saddlebags, I soon sat down to a 'genuine square meal,' which I greatly relished.

"After resting for a couple of hours, I remounted and resumed my upward trip to the mountain, having made up my mind to camp out that night rather than go back without a bear, which my friends knew I had gone out for. As the days were growing short, night soon came on, and I looked around for a suitable camping place. While thus engaged, I scared up a flock of sage hens, two of which I shot, intending to have one for supper and the other for breakfast.

"By this time it was becoming quite dark, and I rode down to one of the little mountain streams, where I found an open place in the timber suitable for a camp. I dismounted, and after unsaddling my horse and hitching him to a tree, I prepared to

start a fire. Just then I was startled by hearing a horse whinnying farther up the stream. It was quite a surprise to me, and I immediately ran to my animal to keep him from answering, as horses usually do in such cases. I thought that the strange horse might belong to some roaming band of Indians, as I knew of no white men being in that portion of the country at that time. I was certain that the owner of the strange horse could not be far distant, and I was very anxious to find out who my neighbor was before letting him know that I was in his vicinity. I, therefore, resaddled my horse, and leaving him tied so that I could easily reach him, I took my gun and started out on a scouting expedition up the stream. I had gone about four hundred yards when, in a bend of the stream, I discovered ten or fifteen horses grazing. On the opposite side of the creek a light was shining high up the mountain bank. Approaching the mysterious spot as cautiously as possible, and when within a few yards of the light, which I discovered came from a dug-out in the mountain side, I heard voices, and soon I was able to distinguish the words, as they proved to be in my own language. Then I knew that the occupants of the dug-out were white men. Thinking that they might be a party of trappers, I boldly walked up to the door and knocked for admission. The voices instantly ceased, and for a moment a deathlike silence reigned inside. Then there seemed to follow a kind of hurried whispering

— a sort of consultation — and then someone called out:

" 'Who's there?'

" 'A friend and a white man,' I replied.

"The door opened, and a big, ugly-looking fellow stepped forth and said:

" 'Come in.'

"I accepted the invitation with some degree of fear and hesitation, which I endeavored to conceal, as I thought it was too late to back out, and that it would never do to weaken at that point, whether they were friends or foes. Upon entering the dug-out my eyes fell upon eight as rough and villainous looking men as I ever saw in my life. Two of them I instantly recognized as teamsters who had been driving in Lew Simpson's train, a few months before, and had been discharged.

"They were charged with horse-stealing and robbery by a ranchman; and, having stolen his horses, it was supposed that they had left the country. I gave them no signs of recognition, however, deeming it advisable to let them remain in ignorance as to who I was. It was a hard crowd, and I concluded the sooner I could get away from them the better it would be for me. I felt confident that they were a band of horse thieves.

" 'Where are you going, young man, and who's with you?' asked one of the men, who appeared to be the leader of the gang.

"'I am entirely alone. I left Horseshoe Station this morning for a bear hunt, and not finding any bears I had determined to camp out for the night and wait till morning,' said I; 'and just as I was going into camp a few hundred yards down the creek, I heard one of your horses whinnying, and then I came to your camp.'

"I thus was explicit in my statement, in order, if possible, to satisfy the cut-throats that I was not spying upon them, but that my intrusion was entirely accidental.

"'Where's your horse?' demanded the boss thief.

"'I left him down the creek,' I answered.

"They proposed going after the horse, but I thought that would never do, as it would leave me without any means of escape, and I accordingly said, in hopes to throw them off the track, 'Captain, I'll leave my gun here and go down and get my horse, and come back and stay all night.'

"I said this in as cheerful and as careless a manner as possible, so as not to arouse their suspicions in any way or lead them to think that I was aware of their true character. I hated to part with my gun, but my suggestion of leaving it was a part of the plan of escape which I had arranged. If they have the gun, thought I, they will surely believe that I intend to come back. But this little game did not work at all, as one of the desperadoes spoke up and said:

" 'Jim and I will go down with you after your horse, and you can leave your gun here all the same, as you'll not need it.'

" 'All right,' I replied, for I could certainly have done nothing else. It became evident to me that it would be better to trust myself with two men than with the whole party. It was apparent from this time on I would have to be on the alert for some good opportunity to give them the slip.

" 'Come along,' said one of them, and together we went down the creek, and soon came to the spot where my horse was tied. One of the men unhitched the animal, and said, 'I'll lead the horse.'

" 'Very well,' said I, 'I've got a couple of sage hens here; lead on.'

"I picked up the sage hens which I had killed a few hours before, and followed the man who was leading the horse, while his companion brought up the rear. The nearer we approached the dug-out, the more I dreaded the idea of going back among the villainous cut-throats. My first plan of escape having failed, I now determined upon another. I had both of my revolvers with me, the thieves not having thought it necessary to search me. It was now quite dark, and I purposely dropped one of the sage hens, and asked the man behind me to pick it up. While he was hunting for it on the ground, I quickly pulled out one of my Colt's revolvers and struck him a tremendous blow on the back of the

head, knocking him senseless to the ground. I then instantly wheeled around and saw that the man ahead, who was only a few feet distant, had heard the blow and turned to see what was the matter, his hand upon his revolver. We faced each other at about the same instant, but before he could fire, as he tried to do, I shot him dead in his tracks. Then jumping on my horse, I rode down the creek as fast as possible, through the darkness and over the rough ground and rocks.

"The other outlaws in the dug-out having heard the shot which I had fired, knew there was trouble, and they all came rushing down the creek. I suppose by the time they reached the man whom I had knocked down, that he had recovered and hurriedly told them of what had happened. They did not stay with the man whom I had shot, but came on in hot pursuit of me. They were not mounted, and were making better time down the rough mountain than I was on horseback. From time to time I heard them gradually gaining on me.

"At last they came so near that I saw that I must abandon my horse. So I jumped to the ground and gave him a hard slap with the butt of one of my revolvers which started him on down the valley, while I scrambled up the mountain side. I had not ascended more than forty feet when I heard my pursuers coming closer and closer; I quickly hid behind a large pine tree, and in a few moments they all rushed by me, being led on by the rattling foot-

steps of my horse, which they heard ahead of them. Soon they began firing in the direction of the horse, as they no doubt supposed I was still seated on his back. As soon as they had passed me I climbed further up the steep mountain, and knowing that I had given them the slip, and feeling certain I could keep out of their way, I at once struck out for Horseshoe Station, which was twenty-five miles distant. I had very hard traveling at first, but upon reaching lower and better ground I made good headway, walking all night and getting into the station just before daylight — footsore, weary, and generally played out.

"I immediately woke up the men of the station and told them of my adventure. Slade himself happened to be there, and he at once organized a party to go out in pursuit of the horse thieves. Shortly after daylight twenty well-armed stage drivers, stock tenders and ranchmen were galloping in the direction of the dug-out. Of course, I went along with the party, notwithstanding that I was very tired and had hardly time for any rest at all. We had a brisk ride, and arrived in the immediate vicinity of the thieves' rendezvous at about ten o'clock in the morning. We approached the dug-out cautiously, but upon getting in close proximity to it we could discover no horses in sight. We could see the door of the dug-out standing wide open, and we marched up to the place. No one was inside, and the general appearance of everything indicated that the

place had been deserted — that the birds had flown. Such, indeed, proved to be the case.

"We found a newly-made grave, where they had evidently buried the man whom I had shot. We made a thorough search of the whole vicinity, and finally found their trail going southeast in the direction of Denver. As it would have been useless to follow them, we rode back to the station, and thus ended my eventful bear hunt. We had no trouble for some time after that."

A friend, who was once a station agent, tells two more adventures of Cody's: "It had become known in some mysterious manner, past finding out, that there was to be a large sum of money sent through by Pony Express, and that was what the road agents were after.

"After killing the other rider, and failing to get the treasure, Cody very naturally thought that they would make another effort to secure it; so when he reached the next relay station, he walked about a while longer than was his wont.

"This was to perfect a little plan he had decided upon, which was to take a second pair of saddle pouches and put something in them and leave them in sight, while those that held the valuable express packages he folded up in his saddle blanket in such a way that they could not be seen unless a search was made for them. The truth was that Cody knew he carried the valuable package, and it was his duty to protect it with his life.

"So with the clever scheme to outwit the road agents, if held up, he started once more upon his flying trip. He carried his revolver ready for instant use and flew along the trail with every nerve strung to meet any danger which might confront him. He had an idea where he would be halted, if halted at all, and it was a lonesome spot in a valley, the very place for a deed of crime.

"As he drew near the spot he was on the alert, and yet when two men suddenly stepped out from among the shrubs and confronted him, it gave him a start in spite of his nerve. They had him covered with rifles and brought him to a halt with the words: 'Hold! Hands up, Pony Express Bill, for we knew yer, my boy, and what yer carry.'

" 'I carry the express; and it's hanging for you two if you interfere with me,' was the plucky response.

" 'Ah, we don't want you, Billy, unless you force us to call in your checks, but it's what you carry we want.'

" 'It won't do you any good to get the pouch, for there isn't anything valuable in it.'

" 'We are to be the judges of that, so throw us the valuables or catch a bullet. Which shall it be, Billy?'

"The two men stood directly in front of the pony rider, each one covering him with a rifle, and to resist was certain death. So Cody began to un-

fasten his pouches slowly, while he said, 'Mark my words, men, you'll hang for this.'

" 'We'll take chances on that, Bill.'

"The pouches being unfastened now, Cody raised them with one hand, while he said in an angry tone, 'If you will have them, take them.' With this he hurled the pouches at the head of one of them, who quickly dodged and turned to pick them up, just as Cody fired upon the other with his revolver in his left hand.

"The bullet shattered the man's arm, while, driving the spurs into the flanks of his mare, Cody rode directly over the man who was stooping to pick up the pouches, his back turned to the pony rider.

"The horse struck him a hard blow that knocked him down, while he half fell on top of him, but was recovered by a touch of the spurs and bounded on, while the daring pony rider gave a wild triumphant yell as he sped on like the wind.

"The fallen man, though hurt, scrambled to his feet as soon as he could, picked up his rifle and fired after the retreating youth, but without effect, and young Cody rode on, arriving at the station on time, and reported what had happened.

"He had, however, no time to rest, for he was compelled to ride on to the next station with the pouches. He thus made the remarkable ride of 324 miles without sleep, and stopping only to eat his

meals, and resting only then but a few moments. For saving the express pouches he was highly complimented by all, and years afterward he had the satisfaction of seeing his prophecy regarding the two road agents verified, for they were both captured and hanged by the vigilantes for their many crimes."

" 'There's Injun signs about, so keep your eyes open.' So said the station boss of the Pony Express, addressing young Cody, who had dashed up to the cabin, his horse panting like a hound, and the rider ready for the fifteen-mile flight to the next relay. 'I'll be on the watch, boss, you bet,' said the pony rider, and with a yell to his fresh pony he was off like an arrow from a bow.

"Down the trail ran the fleet pony like the wind, leaving the station quickly out of sight, and dashing at once into the solitude and dangers of the vast wilderness. Mountains were upon either side, towering cliffs here and there overhung the trail, and the wind sighed through the forest of pines like the mourning of departed spirits. Gazing ahead, the piercing eyes of the young rider saw every tree, bush, and rock, for he knew but too well that a deadly foe, lurking in ambush, might send an arrow or a bullet to his heart at any moment. Gradually far down the valley, his quick glance fell upon a dark object above the boulder directly in his trail.

"He saw the object move and disappear from sight down behind the rock. Without appearing to notice it, or checking his speed in the slightest, he

held steadily upon his way. But he took in the situation at a glance and saw that on one side was a fringe of heavy timber, upon the other a precipice, at the base of which were massive rocks.

" 'There is an Indian behind that rock, for I saw his head,' muttered the young rider, as his horse flew on. Did he intend to take his chances and dash along the trail directly by his ambushed foe? It would seem so, for he still stuck to the trail.

"A moment more and he would be within range of a bullet, when suddenly dashing his spurs into the pony's side, Billy Cody wheeled to the right, and in an oblique course headed for the cliff. This proved to the foe in ambush that he was suspected, if not known, and at once there came the crack of a rifle, the puff of smoke rising above the rock where he was concealed. At the same moment a yell went up from a score of throats, and out of the timber on the other side of the valley darted a number of Indians, and these rode to head off the rider.

"Did he turn back and seek safety in a retreat to the station? No! he was made of sterner stuff and would run the gauntlet.

"Out from behind the boulder, where they had been lying in ambush, sprang two braves in all the glory of their war paint. Their horses were in the timber with their comrades, and, having failed to get a close shot at the pony rider, the bullets pat-

tered under the hoofs of the flying pony, but he was unhurt, and his rider pressed him to his full speed.

"With set teeth, flashing eyes, and determined to do or die, Will Cody rode on in the race for life, the Indians on foot running swiftly toward him, and the mounted braves sweeping down the valley at full speed.

"The shots of the dismounted Indians failing to bring down the flying pony or their human game, the mounted redskins saw that their only chance was to overtake their prey by their speed. One of the number whose war bonnet showed that he was a chief, rode a horse that was much faster than the others, and he drew quickly ahead. Below, the valley narrowed to a pass not a hundred yards in width, and if the pony rider could get to this wall ahead of his pursuers, he would be able to hold his own along the trail in the ten-mile run to the next relay station.

"But, though he saw that there was no more to fear from the two dismounted redskins, and that he would come out well in advance of the band on horseback, there was one who was most dangerous. That one was the chief, whose fleet horse was bringing him on at a terrible pace, and threatening to reach there at the same time with the pony rider.

"Nearer and nearer the two drew toward the path, the horse of Cody slightly ahead, and the young

rider knew that a death struggle was at hand. He did not check his horse, but kept his eyes alternately upon the pass and the chief. The other Indians he did not then take into consideration. At length that happened for which he had been looking.

"When the chief saw that he would come out of the race some thirty yards behind his foe, he seized his bow and quick as a flash had fitted an arrow for its deadly flight. But in that instant Cody had also acted, and a revolver had sprung from his belt and a report followed the touching of the trigger. A wild yell burst from the lips of the chief, and he clutched madly at the air, reeled, and fell from his saddle rolling over like a ball as he struck the ground.

"The death cry of the chief was echoed by the braves coming on down the valley, and a shower of arrows was sent after the fugitive pony rider. An arrow slightly wounded the horse, but the others did no damage, and in another second Cody had dashed into the pass well ahead of his foes. It was a hot chase from then on until the pony rider came within sight of the next station, when the Indians drew off and Cody dashed in on time, and in another minute was away on his next run."

On one of Cody's rides he was halted in the cañon one day by an outlaw named ————, who said to him:

"You are a mighty little feller to be takin' such chances as this."

"I'm as big as any other feller," said Cody.

"How do you make that out?" the highwayman asked.

"Well, you see, Colonel Colt has done it," the youngster replied, presenting at the same time a man's size revolver of the pattern that was so prevalent and useful among the men of the frontier. "And I can shoot as hard as if I was Gin-ral Jackson," he added.

"I 'spect you kin an' I reckon you would," was the laconic response of the lone highwayman, as with a chuckle he turned up a small cañon toward the north. Cody flew on as if he were going for the doctor. The man escaped the law, reformed, and became a respectable citizen-farmer in Kansas, and in 1871 told this writer, in St. Joseph, Missouri, of the incident as here related.

Therefore, his name is omitted.

Of all the Pony Express riders, Cody has become the best known. His rank as colonel belongs to him by commission. Indeed, he has become commissioned as brigadier-general; he has also been a justice of the peace to Nebraska, and was once a member of the legislature, which entitles him to the "Hon." that is sometimes attached to his name. But he only cares to be a colonel on the principle, perhaps, of the Kentuckian who, being addressed as "General," refused the title on the ground that there is no rank in Kentucky higher than colonel. But

of all his titles, Cody preferred that of "Buffalo Bill," by which he is known throughout the world, which he obtained while filling a contract on the plains in furnishing buffalo meat to feed the workmen of General Jack Casement and brother, contractors in the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

CHAPTER VIII

Twentieth "Pow-Wow"

THOSE WATERMELONS

IF you look back in your life you can remember some old grouch that you'd like to get even with. One of this kind crossed the path of "the Clan." He made it uncomfortable for us whenever we went near his farm in melon time. In fact several of the boys know how a dose of bird-shot feels, and more than one took his meals standing because of John Duke and his bird-shot.

This old grouch was in town one day with a big load of watermelons, taking them to Fort Leavenworth, three miles above, to sell to the soldiers.

Of course, as boys will, we gathered around the wagon when he stopped in front of Hastings' store, and one of the boys felt the sting of his whip as he climbed on the wagon wheel.

Billy noticed that the end-gate was secured by a piece of clothesline, and not the customary iron rod. He also knew that Duke would have to drive up a steep hill to get to Fort Leavenworth. Using his

Barlow knife for a bow, and the rope for a fiddle string, Billy stood there innocently watching the old grouch sell melons. When he was ready to go Billy's tune was ended, and but a few strands remained of the improvised fiddle string. Not a word was said among the boys, but intuitively we followed, at a safe distance, the load of melons. The hill was reached and the splendid team lay to their collars as they started up the incline. The rope held well but when half way up the hill it became divorced and such an avalanche of melons I never saw before or since. It was not a landslide, it was a melon roll, a squash, a crack, and the juicy cores lay temptingly red on the road. We were not in sight, but if John Duke had taken a skirmish in the deep hazel brush on either side of the road there would have been some tall running. As it was he only looked at the raveled rope and said things. There were about twenty or thirty melons left in the big wagon bed so he patched up his end-gate and went on to the fort. And then those harpies! How, like birds of prey over the carcass of a buffalo, they did descend on that fruit! We ate till we could eat no more, and though there was enough and to spare, we could only look with longing eyes and leave it. But that is just the boy of it. Boys of to-day will do the same thing, just so long as there are surly, grouchy men to get even with.

And honest, I think Buffalo Bill hates an overbearing grouch to-day as much as Billy did then.

Twenty-first "Pow-Wow"

BUFFALO BILL AS SANTA CLAUS

IT was a bitter cold winter in the mining camp. The wind whistled down the gulches over the foothills, bending the trees like so many willow switches. Sleet, too, took a hand in the weird chorus and the stoves and fireplaces in the saloons, gambling houses and dance halls sent out a glow inviting the outdoor sojourner to forsake his shack or dug-out and mingle with the gay company, caring not and not knowing who or what they were. Out there it was considered a breach of camp etiquette to inquire of a man's past, or ask why he left the states. I question if half the names we knew really belonged to the men who wore them. True, there were men out there who, through the alluring stories of gold which drifted back east, and lost none in the telling, were there to get rich, having in mind the young wife and little ones "back there."

The adventurer, too, was there, and the professional gambler, at whose tables gathered the men of the camp to take chances on doubling their dust or going broke. It mattered not; it was excitement they were buying, and though small fortunes in real gold changed hands daily, there was never a whimper. True it is, however, that once in a while a pistol shot rang out, bearing notice that someone had been caught cheating.

Those wildwood courts of justice acted quickly. A man was found cheating at cards, was tried, convicted and executed in less time than the second hand of your watch could hurry around its circle.

It is not fair to pick out the executioner and label him a gunman, for all were gunmen, and as a rule very sudden shots, for to reach for a pistol meant one or two shots — never more, for but one would be left to fire the third shot.

Now get me right. Don't, please don't, gather from this that the camp was made up of murderers and desperadoes; far from it, for some of the very men I met in these gambling houses later became the best citizens of the country. One became a judge of the Colorado Supreme Court, another a prosperous merchant in Denver, still another a freighter, another a farmer whose thousands of acres in Minnesota gave him a name second only to the wheat king. Another became a show man whose name is known world wide. Others I cannot recall. However, that was the makeup of the crowd which gathered in the warm saloon one Christmas eve.

It was with regret that Buffalo Bill left the circle on an errand that could not be denied. As a government scout, he was on the trail of a band of outlaws, and now he set out, hoping to locate them by their campfire.

Over the rise, down the swale, up the side of the hill, he came upon a point where, glimmering through the trees, he saw a light.

Confident that his search was at an end, he hastened toward it, the whir of the wind drowning all sounds and making caution unnecessary. He knew he had found them. He knew he was equal to them, for his rifle was ready, besides a brace of pistols, one of which is now in my possession, and all were loaded.

Closer he drew to the light. And as he neared the window through which the light shone, he heard children's voices.

He had happened upon the cabin of the Widow Murphy, whose husband had been killed by the explosion of his gun a few months before. The voices he heard were those of little Jimmie and Maggie, her two children.

Mrs. Murphy was not cultured as we take it. Her language was coarse — not vulgar — just rough, and regardless of grammar. Her voice was harsh and rasping, but she was a woman — a real western woman — one of those who travel side by side with their pioneer husband.

And further, she was a mother.

She worked hard at washing and mending for the miners, that her little ones might be protected from the bitter cold and have enough to eat.

It was a hard winter, and the roughly built shack could illy cope with the bitter winds.

Mrs. Murphy was a Christian mother, and in spite of the hardships of the frontier, never once slackened in her faith in the All-Father. Through her Christian fortitude she could say, "Thy will be done." She had taught her children to pray.

Drawing closer to the window, the scout heard this:

"Now go to bed, my darlings. It is cold up here, but we'll trust in God, for remember He is everywhere. He is with us here, just the same as He was back in the states."

"Tomorrow's Christmas," said the little boy. "Will Santa Claus come like he used to in the states? Let's hang up our stockings. Maybe God will tell him about us."

And the little tots hung up their stockings.

Then they knelt down and said their prayers, asking God to send Santa Claus and telling him what they wanted, remembering to ask for a shawl for mother, and other things for her comfort.

All this Buffalo Bill heard, and it was with swelling heart that he turned away, fully resolved that it was the will of the All-Father that he should be the Santa Claus to answer the prayers of the little ones.

He knew where he would find a ready response and hastened first to the gambling house of Ed. McClintock, where he told the story of the little ones, just as he saw it, and swinging off his sombrero, chipped in a bunch of gold, and led off by passing the hat.

The poker tables bore rich fruit—coin, nuggets, dust and chips.

Some of the men, as I said before, had wives and children back in the states, and many a tear rolled down the faces of the hardy miners, who, unashamed of this weakness, joined the impromptu celebration and felt it a privilege to chip in. And it was none of your penny contributions, you bet. It was gold, and yet more gold, and if the truth were known, many a fervent prayer, unspoken of course, accompanied the hand to the hat.

From out of that den to another still they went. The game was broken up, and all joined the procession as from one saloon to another they went, to this and that gambling house, until, that Christmas eve, in that mining camp, not a card was played.

The roulette wheel stood still on the last winning color.

It was Christmas eve, and the prayer of a child had done more to close the gambling dens than a sheriff with a posse could have done, or a preacher could have accomplished by his most eloquent appeal.

It was the spirit of the Christ child invoked by the little tot "away out there."

The crowd went en masse to Mat Malone's general store, having picked him up at Mason's, and made him open up for business.

It would have done your heart good to see that crowd making their Christmas purchases. True it is, they did not do their Christmas shopping early, as days go. But ere they had finished, it was about two o'clock Christmas morning. Several large bundles were made up, each wrapped, or rather dumped, in a blanket.

It was a strange procession which, led by Cody, traversed the snow-covered hills, through the gulches, up the banks, through the wooded section to the little shack.

Carefully and quietly each miner deposited his load, easing it gently against the door, until it reached up far above the latch. Surmounting the whole was a sack of gold — dust, nuggets and coin.

To the same sack they tied a note telling the story of the childish prayer, and adding:

"Accept this Christmas gift. It was sent by the Christ who heard your children's prayer.

"Santa Claus."

Buffalo Bill volunteered to stand guard till daybreak, and the door was opened. Ed McClintock and I stayed with him.

Early in the morning we saw the first plume of blue smoke and we knew the widow was up building a fire.

It was but a few moments before she opened the door and the avalanche of Christmas came tumbling in upon her.

We were too far away to hear what she said, but mighty quickly the little ones were jumping up and down around the big pile of stuff. We could hear their glad shouts, but could not get the words.

However, we saw Mrs. Murphy gather her children, and saw them all kneel, undoubtedly in thanksgiving.

"God bless you, little cubs," said Bill, as we quietly stole away.

I have entirely lost track of Mrs. Murphy, but I'll bet a dollar that if she is still alive, $100 wouldn't buy the scrap of wrapping paper we tied to the sack.

Honestly, fellows, I believe that the Lord used us to answer that kid's prayer. And that's some good we were in the world.

BUFFALO BILL AS SANTA CLAUS

(*in verse*)

NOTE: The foregoing story is here given in verse. This poem was written for the Prince of Wales (the late Edward VII), and presented by him to his mother, Queen Victoria, in an elegantly bound edition, hand illuminated.

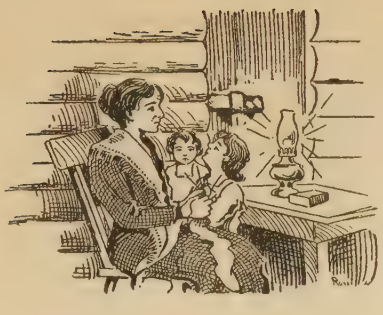
'Twas Christmas on the border,
When the West was wild and young,
Before the days of railroads,
When many a horse-thief swung;
When men, to seek their fortunes,
Took their lives into their hands,
And dug and washed for gold dust
In those far-off golden sands.

It was rough, I tell you, pardner,
Out in those mining camps,
With only rough, big bearded men
Whose memory on me stamps
The fact, that 'neath the woolen shirt,
There beat big hearts and true,
As tender as a woman's,
And honest thru and thru.

The games were not as gentle
As tennis or croquet,
'Twas fashion to play poker there
And bags of dust the pay.
A mile or so from our camp,
A washerwoman lived,
Whose little children ate and wore
From what she earned and saved.

This Christmas eve I speak of
One of the boys was out;
He saw the washerwoman's light,
And turned, this western scout,
Straight for the lighted cabin —
For he was looking 'round
For a gang of thieves and outlaws —
The cabin's light he found.

With eager tread he hastened,
"I've found them in their den,"
Thought he, "and now I'll listen,
I think I've got my men."
With hand upon his pistol
He neared the cabin door,
And listened to the voices —
Then could not wait for more.



To this the brave scout listened
Out on the border wilds:
"Oh, ma! to-morrow's Christmas!"
The sweet voice was a child's,
"And will the good old Santa come
And bring us toys and slates,
And pretty dolls and candies, too,
Like he used to in the States?"

"God grant he may," she answered,
"But I am not so sure
That Santa Claus will be so kind,
Now that we are so poor.
But go to bed, my darlings,
And say your evening prayer;
Remember God is in the West
As well as 'way back there."

The scout went to the window
  Through which a bright light shone;
He saw her kiss the children,
  "God bless you both, my own!"
"Gol darned if I can stand it";
  He wiped away a tear,
To which his eyes a stranger
  Had been for many a year.

The little children went to bed —
They left the mother there,
And overcome with bitter grief,
She knelt in earnest prayer;
"Oh, God!" she said, and weeping,
"Remove this bitter cup;
How can I disappoint them,
They've hung their stockings up.

"I've not a slice of bacon
Or crust of bread to eat,
When they awake for breakfast,
Nor nothing good or sweet;
Thy will be done, Oh Father,
But if it be Thy will,
Oh, let me get some clothes and wood
To ward off cold and chill."

'Twas too much for the hardy scout —
He turned to move away,
But caught the children's voices,
And, to hear what they would say
He neared their bedroom window,
And while he waited there
He listened to the lisping,
As they raised their voice in prayer.

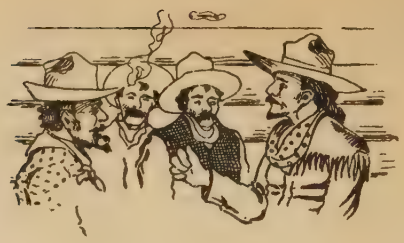
"O, Dod bless our dear mamma,
Who works so hard all day,
And buys good things for us to eat,
When the miners come and pay;
An' Dod, you know she loves you,
And don't like folks what swears,
And makes her little children
Kneel down and say deir prayers.

And, God, if 'taint much trouble,
I'll ask some more, because,
You see tomorrow's Christmas,
And please send Santa Claus
To put fings in our stockings —
We hung 'em up out dere —
Susie's by the chimney,
And mine is on the chair.

Now, Dod, please don't dis'point us,
Just send whatever suits;
Send sis a pair of nice warm shoes
And me a pair of boots.
And, Dod, please send a blanket —
This cover's awful thin,
And great big holes all thru the house,
They let the cold come in.

Now, Dod, I'll say dood night to you,
Because I'se awful cold,
And if I ask for too much things
You'll think I'se getting bold;
But if you please, before you go,
I'll ask you — this is all —
If it ain't too expensive,
Please send my ma a shawl."

"You bet your life He will, my boy,"
The scout said, soft and low,
And turning then with silent tread —
Back to the camp did go.
"Wake up, you fellers, one and all,
And ante up with me —
I'll show you how to gamble
In a way you'll like to see."



"Now what's excited Buffalo Bill,
I wonder?" shouted one.
"Just listen," said the border scout,
"While thru my talk I run."
And then he told the story thru —
The facts set plain and clear;
And many a rough old miner's hand
Brushed from his eyes a tear.

"Now, here's a twenty-dollar piece,
Who'll ante up with me,
To make the little children
Go wild and dance with glee?"
The poker tables bore rich fruit —
The stacks of gold heaped high;
"I'll go you one and raise you two,"
"I'll stay with you or die."

Bill took his hat and passed it 'round,
"Be lively, boys, because
Before the sun is up, you know,
We'll all be Santa Claus."
The boys all chipped in coin and dust
Like men who business meant,
And then from out that gambling den
To another one they went.

And told the story o'er again —
The same results all 'round —
And others joined the merry throng,
And "chink" the gold did sound.
They went the rounds of all saloons
And gambling dens in camp,
With big, rough, honest, manly hearts
And torches for a lamp.

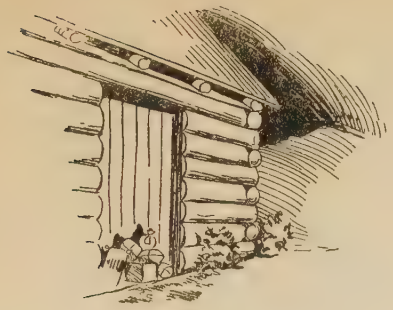
It warn't no scrimping crowd, you bet,
The money poured like rain;
The rough old miners stood not back,
Nor were their efforts vain.
The money came, the men increased,
Then went they to the store,
To buy the things the children wished,
Warm clothes and food and more

Than had been thought or asked for
By the children while at prayer,
Or the mother in her fondest wish
For her little darlings there;
And many a miner rough choked up,
At the thought of cruel fates,
For some had wives and loved ones
Away back in the States.

They heaped a pile of everything
The border store contained,
For the widow and her children,
Until nothing else remained
For them to do, but get it there
To the widow's lowly home —
Then was their night's work finished,
And then abroad they'd roam.

There were lots of us rough fellows
(For I was in the crowd),
And each man gathered up a load,
Though no one spoke aloud.
And then, led on by Cody,
To the widow's lonely hut,
Across the gulch, beyond the hill,
We took the shortest cut.

Then quiet every miner
  Deposited his load
Before the little cabin door,
  Then gathered in the road;
And in that pile was everything
  The widow could desire:
And of pure virgin gold a sack
  Still made the pile raise higher.



And to the sack they tied a note
  Which bade the widow cheer,
And said: "Accept this Christmas gift
  From One who's always near,
For God has heard your children,
  And this is here because
It was your darlings' earnest prayer
  And God sent Santa Claus."

"Who'll stand guard till daybreak?"
"Buffalo Bill," said Cy.
"And with his trusty rifle
He'll guard the gift or die."
A man all clad in buckskin
Stepped out and said "I will!"
The miners knew the gift was safe —
The man was Buffalo Bill.

On the bright Christmas morning
She opened wide the door,
And an avalanche of Christmas
Came tumbling on the floor.
The children heard the rumble
Of the gifts, and without pause
They came in from their bedroom
And shouted "Santa Claus!"

The widow knelt beside them,
  Despite their childish pranks;
With streaming eyes and fuller heart
  Returned to God her thanks.
And stealthy through the bushes
  There moved off one so still,
"God bless you, little cubs," said he,
  Then vanished Buffalo Bill.

CHAPTER IX

Twenty-second "Pow-Wow"

BLACK DEATH

IT looked bad one time on the plains for any small bodies of emigrants or "westward ho" travelers, for the Indians were either on the warpath, or were possessed of that nervous, warlike feeling which needed but a spark or a temptation in the shape of opportunity to make of them fiends incarnate. That was the year well remembered by many of us whose locks are gray, when cholera was committing ravages among the red men.

Black death, they called it, and all the superstitious horror of this unseen enemy, which strikes in the dark, seemed to overshadow them.

On the occasion which leads to this anecdote, I chanced to be with Scout Cody ahead of a wagon train bound for a government post far out on the frontier, with supplies — rations for the soldiers.

It was the custom of Cody, as scout, to ride far in advance of the train in order the better to give them time to prepare for attacks by the Indians, if he discovered them, or to select a place to camp, if possible, beside a water course or water hole.

We were well mounted and well armed, besides being good shots. At least the other one was, and of that the world well knows.

We had just turned the rise of a hill or "divide" when Cody's long distance sight made out a large party of Indians, coming our way. He turned back to us and said, "Walt, ride like hell back to the train and tell them to corral for a fight."

Walt turned his horse and soon but a cloud of dust told us that he was letting his noble mare hit the prairie as fast as she wanted to, and she was some racer.

I asked Bill: "Why not turn back ourselves, and make for the wagon train?"

"They've seen us, and it would only hasten matters if we turned tail. Better face it out here with a pow-wow. It's the only thing to do. It will save the train —"

"But, Bill."

"Well?"

And the way he said "well" meant a whole lot. It was the ultimatum. It sounded to me that somebody had to die to save the train, and we were elected.

Now if I were to brace up at this late date, and say that I looked well after my trusty rifle and prepared for the worst, it would be so big a lie that our friend Ananias would reach to embrace me. I did no such thing. I simply sat my horse and shivered. I was scared stiff.

Cody, however, shading his eye, watched the oncoming horde of red devils, and bidding me sit my horse, dismounted and taking his red blanket from his saddle went out alone and on foot to meet them. With the blanket over his arm he made a sign to them and spread the blanket upon the prairie and stood upon it, his long hair waving in the wind, his hand uplifted, thus appearing a statue turned to stone in the act of command.

They approached him, and two or three bucks and the chief dismounted and came to his blanket. The oncoming crowd stopped and partly surrounded him, while three others pressed on to where I sat holding the horses and trying to say the Lord's prayer to rag-time.

The pow-wow lasted but a short time, and the Indians who came to secure me, made no move, save to plant themselves on either side, and one of them condescended to say, "How."

"How," said I, but that was all. For the life of me, I couldn't think of a funny story to tell them, so I contented myself with asking one of them for "tobac," which he reluctantly gave me. I lighted my pipe, took a puff and offered it to him, but he refused, so there was no peace pipe smoke in our little pow-wow.

Soon, however, I saw the pipe passed around those who sat on the blanket with Cody, and I knew there was some progress made by him. They had consented to "talk" with him, and shortly after he

stood up, waving his arms to the sky, turning each way, giving the same heavenward signals. It was less than ten minutes after his physical culture act that the entire band mounted and, turning from the east, took up their journey to the southwest, chanting the death song of some tribe, or some other horrible melody.

My two friends, without even a Mexican "adios" or Indian "how" departed after the moving band, leaving me with a full pipe of tobacco, but with a scare which I am sure made my red hair stick out like last fall's swamp grass.

When Cody returned I asked him how he did it.

"I threatened to call Black death from the skies of the east, the west and the north if they did not take the trail I pointed out, and as they suffered the loss of several by cholera the night before, I guess they thought there was something to my incantations, for I used the name of the thunder god, and every god they feared, calling on the Great Spirit of the Medicine Man to loose the Black death if they did not move, or to grant them freedom from it if they went peacefully away. I simply had to act like a locoed idiot and lie like sin. It was the only thing to do, and you see my cards won."

Many deaths occurred that summer among the Indians, and the ravages of cholera served to quell what promised to be a general uprising.

Bill with big bluff accomplished that day what a regiment of soldiers could not have done.

CHAPTER X

Twenty-third "Pow-Wow"

THE NATION'S GUEST

WHO wears the spurs must win them. Thus it was taught years after I commenced my career as a bandit and stole a pair of spurs. And I never have developed into much of a bandit at that.

Tonight I am sitting at my desk smoking. Would you visualize my surroundings? The walls of my study — no, that "study" sounds too much like a preacher, or Prof. Woodrow Wilson,— well, the walls of my office, for it is my home — my sanctum-sanctorum, and it is here with my pipe I dream dreams — are hung with pictures of men I have learned to love. I see the face of my old pard, Buffalo Bill, and next to him I see Otto Korn and A. G. Smith, each flanked by John Q. Jefferies and Ben Jacobsen. Below these hangs a pair of spurs. And thereby hangs a tale.

These spurs I stole from the boots of the Grand Duke Alexis, the heir prospective to the throne of all the Russias.

Here's how it happened:

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia was the guest of this government and to properly entertain him a

great buffalo hunt was proposed. This hunt was placed in charge of the world's greatest buffalo hunter, Buffalo Bill, who at that time was chief of scouts of the United States Army and held that position under the government with a colonel's commission.

Where Bill Cody (Buffalo Bill) was, there was I, and this grand hunt was no exception to the rule.

Say, pardner, did you ever cross the plains in the early days; when the west was wild and young; when a puddle of water in a buffalo hoof track was a godsend? This question is addressed only to real men, the pioneers, who, like myself, knew the west when the west was young — men only over whose heads have passed years three score and ten; men who, starting across the boundless prairies, took it as a gamble whether they would reach their destination or meet St. Peter with an arrow through their body or a chunk of lead lodged somewhere in their anatomy. But I digress and no wonder — the durn pipe went out.

I was speaking of the Grand Duke Alexis, the buffalo hunt, his spurs. Well, the plains in those days did not furnish parlor cars and ice water and champagne and — but that's getting too darn modern. As I said before, it was when the west was young. But on this occasion a generous government set out to entertain a royal visitor royally and she did, too.

The Grand Duke Alexis was the guest of this government, and it was on the program, it seems, to

give him the real thrill of a buffalo hunt on the American plains. As a preliminary and to make it a success, General Sheridan sent General Forsyth and Doctor Asch of his staff to arrange with Buffalo Bill to take charge of the expedition as chief guide and demonstrator.

At that time Spotted Tail and his Sioux Indians were in that territory, by permission of the government, to hunt buffalo. Cody was commissioned by General Sheridan to visit Spotted Tail and induce him to ask about a hundred of his leading warriors and chiefs to visit the place where the camp would be located, so that the grand duke should see a body of American Indians and observe the manner in which they killed buffalo. This was all arranged by Cody, and it was understood that Spotted Tail and his warriors should visit the camp in about "ten sleeps."

By the way, the next morning when the warriors were together many of them recognized Cody as their enemy, "Pa-has-ka," meaning "long hair," as they had met him in action when they were driven out of the Republican river country.

However, Spotted Tail said, as he handed his peace pipe to Cody, that he wanted his people to be kind to him and treat him as his friend. On the morning of January 12, a special train arrived at North Platte, Neb., and was met by Cody, Captain Hayes and a company of cavalry under Captain Eagan with six ambulances and about twenty saddle horses.

General Sheridan accompanied the grand duke and, with several of his staff and the suite of the grand duke, we had quite a party. A long line of government wagons was loaded with all the delicacies of the four seasons in both solid and liquid form. Every luxury which could be transported on wheels was there—not forgetting Bass Pale ale in earthen bottles, the finest of liquors of all brands, both rye, bourbon and Scotch, not forgetting old Holland gin and — wipe off your chin, old timer, — champagne, Sauturne and corn down to harmless, blushing port. All were there and in a territory where in our own times, we real Americans were charmed to lie on our bellies, sweep the green scum off the water in a buffalo wallow, and share the stagnant water with our mounts. Don't you remember, old timer?

Well, that was the kind of an outfit our government provided to extend American courtesies to the scion of foreign nobility. The hunt was more like a pageant or a migratory circus of the olden time looking for a town to show in. Of supply wagons there was a train — the first train de luxe to cross the plains. There was a full company of United States cavalry to act as escort and as many mule-whackers and outriders, to say nothing of night herders, camp cooks and an imported chef.

It was a great game and in this case as much a novelty to the mule-whacker as it was to his royal highness, the grand duke. Speaking of the Grand Duke Alexis, let me say that to the person who has

been used to thinking of royalty as a person clad in a purple velvet cloak lined and trimmed with ermine, wearing a spiked crown of solid gold, studded with diamonds and rubies and emeralds as big as the end of your thumb — forget it! The grand duke was a man, just a regular man, well built, of a kindly countenance and his voice not smooth or effeminate and yet not coarse and rasping. His words as he spoke in English did not flow in liquid form nor were they hitched up to run in smooth sentences. On the contrary, he conveyed his meaning in the fewest possible words and they came rather — jerky, shall I say? And at times he would pause for an instant to get the proper word, but never was up in the air to make himself understood.

Of course, when he talked to his companions of his own country we did not follow him. The language was rough in sound and articulation, but, to judge from his kindly countenance and smile, we knew the other fellow wasn't catching thunder or getting a calling.

I have since wondered if a Russian courtship did not sound like a wagon running over a corduroy bridge or a rickety street car with a flat wheel trying to earn a seven-cent fare.

The first night out the camp was such as the plains never knew before. Sentinels were posted at intervals in a circle a full mile distant each way. The stock horses and mules were in charge of the night herders and, contrary to the usage on the plains at that time, the campfire blazed high, giving

the surroundings a wild, weird aspect as the lights and shadows chased each other.

The second day out was simply an easy drive, and the long train moved leisurely to a point selected by Buffalo Bill where the buffalo on their way to drink would have to pass.

Along toward noon a herd of buffalo was sighted and the hunters prepared for the chase. The grand duke was mounted on Buffalo Bill's celebrated pony, Brigham, and furnished with a rifle which in the hands of Cody was in the habit of getting a buffalo every time.

The grand duke, escorted by Cody, Sinclair, Estes and Tucker, started for the moving herd. His highness was a good rider and a good shot for ordinary hunters, but the buffalo game was new to him.

However, Brigham laid him up alongside a buffalo and he fired two shots, putting them just behind the left shoulder according to instructions, and just here is where he wasn't onto the buffalo game.

A trained buffalo pony will let you get close enough to place your shots and then, knowing that the wounded buffalo will turn and gore him, makes a quick getaway, turns at right angles and beats it at high speed. This his highness was not prepared for and he was nearly unhorsed. As it was, he lost his rifle and came in hanging onto the pommel with one knee thrown over the saddle, but still retaining his grip.

He got his buffalo, however, and that head and

skin is probably in some Russian museum today if it is not sacked and ruined by the late war.

That night, when everything was still, when those who celebrated the grand duke's victory were sleeping, when the scent of roasting buffalo meat had been wafted away by the night breezes of a perfect night, a member of the hunters' gang walked boldly to the tent which sheltered the grand duke and picked up his boots and started off with them. He was at once stopped by the men in the tent, but he made motions to indicate a polish or a rub, wearing all the time a smile and an air of "all right." Of course, those in the other tent did not speak English — if they could they did not. So, followed by one of them, that durn bold thief took the boots to a commissary wagon and gave them a swab of grease, taking off the spurs to better smear the dope. After these brief ceremonies were gone through with, he handed the boots to the Russian who took them back. In the morning that darn thief put the spurs on his own boots and slipped his in the commissary wagon with his other traps. There was no fuss made about the spurs and I doubt if the Grand Duke Alexis ever missed them.

But those identical spurs now hang on the wall of my den in company with other curios. Long after I stole the spurs I read somewhere, "Thou shalt not steal," but I guess that was meant for some fellow in Jerusalem or Damascus.

That is the story of the spurs. Of course, that did not wind up the hunt. Other buffalo were killed,

and the robes or skins were all baled and salted for the grand duke, and with the head of the buffalo he killed — a fine specimen — were sent to Fort Leavenworth where the robes were soft tanned by members of the tribe of Delaware Indians. Under their chief, "Ross," they were living in comparative civilization at and around the Osage mission, south of Leavenworth City, the present site of the National Soldiers' home.

Speaking of Chief Ross of the Delawares, his wife was a white woman and his daughter, a half-breed, was known far and wide as the most beautiful Indian girl. Ross himself was not much to look at — just Indian, that's all, but I must say if he had been a white man he would have made his mark as an organizer at least, if not a statesman. His was a kindly nature and he was simply worshipped by his tribe. He had the esteem and was on friendly terms with the Cherokees, the Sac and Fox and the remaining few of the Osage tribes. The mother was really a handsome woman, well equipped with good common sense, but uneducated as schooling goes. The daughter for a time attended school in Leavenworth, having, as I remember, for her teachers, David J. Brewer, the late United States supreme judge, and the outlaw, Quantrall, who during the Civil War sacked and burned Lawrence, Kan. I am not sure but that she also went to school to H. D. McCarty, afterwards state auditor, I think, of Kansas, and during the war, lieutenant colonel of the First Kansas infantry.

CHAPTER XI

Twenty-fourth "Pow-Wow"

JESSE JAMES

IT IS not necessary to introduce Eugene Field to you. He is known the world over as the children's poet. He loved children and was beloved by them. It was my good fortune to be pretty close to 'Gene. We were both dreamers and by that same token we understood each other. Together we worked on the old St. Joe (Mo.) Gazette, then owned by Tuft & Gilbert, 'Gene as a managing editor and I as foreman and telegraph editor. Our friendship ripened into that camaraderie, that esteem, that love which when binding men, spells friend in all that the name implies. We swore by and at each other. We dumped our sorrows on each other and together we shared our pleasures. Many of his poems, which later became household gems, were read to me as he reeled them off verse by verse.

'Gene was a humorist and his "Tribune Primer," which first appeared in the *Denver Tribune,* caused many a hearty laugh. I think the first along that line was one he wrote in St. Joe one night as we sat in the editorial rooms waiting for "30." Out

of and just below our window were a couple of cats "telling how it happened." Gee, but they were in earnest. They both yowled at once. To them it may have been cat harmony, but to us it amounted to a catastrophe.

Finally 'Gene laid aside the proof he was reading and penciled the following, which he handed to me:

"See the cat and the kit,
The cat is the dam of the kit,
Dam the cat and the kit."

But that is really an aside, or off the question. However, it came to me as a cloud of smoke, so I just had to write it.

One night as we sat in the office we got a hankering to go hunting, and the more we talked about it the more we knew we were going, if it cost us our jobs.

'Gene had his hunting stuff, rifle, etc., at Kansas City, and one morning bright and early we took the train for that place, intending to go to the "squirrel" woods, near Independence, or Liberty, Mo. We got started in good season, and we took up our hunt.

Lord, what a walk! How our feet blistered! How hungry we got! But we didn't get a squirrel.

It was nearing noon and we simply had to have something to eat. In those days every house had a place for a stranger at the table and it was also

understood that the stranger should pay for his grub. We sighted a little house partly of logs and partly frame, and we marked it as our "tavern." It was nearly noon as we approached the house, being welcomed by a hound chorus — they didn't have a brass band handy. We stood outside the gate and hallooed, "Hello the house," and the door was opened and an elderly lady appeared. Of course, the answer was all right, so we stepped in.

"Lay off your traps, gentlemen (with the accent on the last syllable), and go out to the pump and wash — the men'll be home pretty soon. You all bin huntin'? Have any luck?"

We told her that we had, but had seen nothing to shoot.

Well, we went to the pump and found there a bench made of a split log with legs set into it, and upon it was a tin basin and a cake of yellow soap.

We made ourselves presentable in the open air, so far as dust and grime were concerned, and when we went into the house we were shown to a mirror or rather an old-fashioned looking glass. I can see it now. The upper half had a gayly colored picture of a church among awfully green trees and a yellow road leading up to it, winding like a serpent with a jug of home brew. Beside it, hung by a string, was a very ancient horn comb, which sadly needed a dentist, or a set of new teeth. But we used it. Microbes, you know, were not fashionable in those days.

On the center table in the "parlor" was a big family Bible, and Ayer's almanac, a vase of wax flowers and an album.

We had got fairly seated after looking over the "what-not" in the corner and the pictures on the wall when we heard the shout of the "men folks," "Hello, mother, dinner ready?"

"Yes; two men in the front room waitin'."

The son stepped in and said, "Hello, gentlemen. Waitin' for dinner?"

We told him who we were and what we were after, and as we sat there I could not help feeling queer, for I recognized Jesse James — the man with a price on his head. I had never met him before, but I had seen him once. That was when he rode through a crowd at the Kansas City fairgrounds with a pistol drawn, having just robbed the box office of the fair.

To be sure, I felt chilly.

But he soon put us at ease. He asked us if we knew him and I told him I did. "You're Jesse James," said I, and 'Gene's face turned the color of a newly laundered shirt front.

He laughed it off and did not appear to fear us two cusses. I think he knew we would not arrest him and drag him before the bar of justice. If he didn't, I knew we wouldn't. We were not looking

for that kind of game. It was little, harmless, unarmed squirrels we sought.

"Would you gentlemen care for a little licker before dinner?" he asked. We were in no position to refuse, neither were we inclined to decline that hospitality.

We both said yes at once and he disappeared, to return shortly with a tin dipper holding nearly a pint of real liquor, which he served in tea cups.

We sat down to a big country meal, homemade bread, real butter, fried squirrel and plenty of 'em, not to forget the "flour gravy," beet pickles, pumpkin pie, 'serves and good strong coffee, the whole preceded by a bourbon curtain raiser.

The curtain raiser with its close predecessor mellowed us up and we talked of Jesse James' life, touching on the problem of why he was not in hiding, or why he remained at home, knowing that there was a reward offered for him, dead or alive.

He told us that the whole home neighborhood for miles around was his friend; that no officer, sheriff or posse could reach him before he was warned by his friends and that the sheriff of his county was not only his friend, but that he had eaten dinner there the day before.

Of course, it is not up to me to make a hero of an outlaw, but I am giving you the plain facts, as we encountered them.

His mother, Mrs. Samuels, had lost an arm, and even with this handicap set us out a dinner "like mother used to do."

After dinner Jesse James went out with us and we got fourteen squirrels. 'Gene shot one and it was my luck to bring down two. We blame Jesse James for the rest.

We left in the early evening for Kansas City, but not before we had shaken hands with the outlaw and thanked both him and his mother for the pleasant afternoon, dinner and supper, paying for the last two items as a matter of course, the standard price being 25 cents a meal (with the licker thrown in).

A few days after our return to St. Joe 'Gene wrote a half-column story about our being guests of Jesse James and his mother and we took good care to send them half a dozen marked copies of the *Gazette.*

About three months after this episode, I was again invited to be a guest at the James house. The invitation included 'Gene, but as he was in St. Louis at the time, he could not be reached. But you bet that I lost no time in filing my answer and the following Thursday I appeared on the scene, ready for a bang-up newspaper story.

Arriving at the home I was met by Mrs. Samuels and made welcome. It was really a hunting dinner, for, as she told me, the men were out in the timber.

As it was nearly noon, I did not have long to wait. My horse was taken care of by a negro, and I was made comfortable, as I drew the hickory bottom chair up to the fire place and got warm, for it was pretty frosty and chilly. There were several neighbor women there, and I judged it was a family reunion, but no, it was just a neighborhood dinner.

I was introduced all around, and as nearly as I can remember, there were Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Mason and Mrs. or Miss Richards, I do not remember which. The older women were smoking pipes, which was by no means unusual in those parts.

Soon Jesse James and another man, I think Mr. Mason, came in with several rabbits, quail and prairie chickens.

It was a real old country gathering and there was no air of secrecy or suspicion, though even at that time there was a price on the head of Jesse James. In that country, as I said before, every one was the friend of Jesse James and the first news of a posse would at once be brought to him, by man, woman, boy or girl.

The reason is probably this: No person in that country ever suffered from Jesse James or any of his "gang." On the contrary, more than one poor, shall I say shiftless, family was carried through a hard winter because of his help.

When the call came for dinner, we went out into the big kitchen, which also served as a dining room.

This was an old-fashioned wild turkey dinner. I do not recall the cranberry sauce, perhaps they did not have any, but a snap of my finger for that, for we had all we could eat without any city frills.

Did you ever go home to grandma's house for a Thanksgiving dinner? (I mean you who read this after having passed the half century mark.) Well, get out your napkin, for your mouth will water.

In the center of the long table there were two wild turkeys, each with its "trimmings," filling a huge platter. One had blue Chinese houses and trees, while the other was yellow with a white stripe around it. This difference in design better illustrates the neighborliness of those Missouri people. (Each one had brought with her plates, cups, saucers, spoons, knives and forks.) Now you have the eating tools, but listen while I tell you what we handled with them.

The wild turkey, done to a turn, crisp and brown, chock full of real sage dressing such as grandma only knew how to mix. Generous vegetable dishes piled high with mashed potatoes, with a crater like a vegetable volcano and that filled with butter which, as it melted, ran down the sides of the mound like the picture of Mount Aetna in our old geography. Then notice two or three yellow bowls, filled with

rich brown gravy so oily that it would make the modern dyspeptic fear for the worst. But we did not mind it — dyspepsia was no more fashionable than germs in those days down in Missouri.

Then there were beet pickles and cucumber pickles and mince pies and strong coffee with real cream, great stacks of soda biscuits, piping hot, and butter — real butter. I don't know how many kinds of preserves and jams were on the table. I paid no particular attention to them; I was busy with the turkey.

After we had eaten till we were almost to the "bustin'" point, we took our chairs with us, went into the front room and lighted our pipes.

In passing, I may say that one of the guests was the sheriff or deputy sheriff of the county, and he was a big, good-natured fellow who, as he related a story of this or that happening, would verify it by calling to his wife, "Didn't we, Matt?" I have often thought, as the years have passed, that this officer was a member of the Jesse James gang, but nothing that was said would lead me to suspect it. It was the general air of camaraderie which existed between the outlaw and the officer. But at that time I gave no thought along those lines.

Jesse, apparently unmindful of a stranger, but really for my benefit, discussed freely two train robberies, naming no one but himself, but referring to his companions as "the boys." He told me, also,

that he got credit for robberies and holdups for which he was not responsible. And in this connection, mentioned a gang led by the Moore brothers, who in private life were coopers and worked for Mat Ryan of Leavenworth, Kan., who was a butcher on a large scale and sold lard by the barrel. Both the Moore boys had been killed a few months before while escaping from a sheriff's posse near St. Louis.

The evening was well along before I left for Kansas City and my horse was brought out by the negro, well cared for and ready for the start.

I recall one of Jesse's stories in fragments, and I believe I can piece it together. In Kansas City, on Delaware street, I think, or Main street near the junction, a man named Matt Foster kept a large book and stationery store. In times past, Foster had befriended Jesse James' father in a small financial way. Once in a holdup Foster was robbed of his watch and chain, an amethyst ring and a cameo breast pin, together with his billbook and a small sum of money.

That night when the gang met at Mrs. Metcalfe's boarding house on Wyandotte street, the pocketbook was recognized by Jesse James because of a letter addressed to Matt Foster. Jesse made inquiries of the one who took it — there were six of the gang there that night — and the other articles

turned in by his "pals" were taken, tied up in a handkerchief and delivered personally that night to Foster by Jesse James himself, who knocked at the door and when it was opened, handed in the package, and mounting a horse held by a comrade, rode away into the night. This I got from Jesse himself.

There are lots of stories afloat of the James boys, many of which may or may not be true. One in particular I recall, but it sounds so much like a movie scenario that it might be pure romance. However, this much is true. A woman friend and neighbor of his mother moved to St. Louis and opened a boarding house. She was an Irish woman named Mrs. Mahaffee, and her boarders were mostly printers working on the St. Louis *Democrat*. Here when they were in St. Louis, Jesse and Frank James always stopped over night. But here's the story:

One night Jesse came to the house, knocked at the door of the family room — it was a side door — and was admitted. He found the old lady in a state of excitement and dejection. Her story was told to Jesse in substance as follows: She had made several payments on her house, and it was nearly paid up. A real estate shark, or possibly the man who held the mortgage, demanded the rest at once, and she was unable to pay. The next evening he was coming for the money, and if it was not forthcoming she would lose her property — all she had in the world.

The story goes that Jesse went out that night and got the money for her — it does not say that he borrowed it or earned it — he got it.

True to his promise, the mortgage holder came the next night ready to make the old lady trouble, but, as we would read on the movie screen, "She had the cash."

We don't know whether the villain said "Coises!" or "Foiled!" but the cash was paid and a receipt in full handed over which gave to Mrs. Mahaffee her house.

But Jesse was secreted there and as the "Base Villain" walked out with the cash in his pocket, the lettering on the screen reads, "Hands up!" and the cash found its way again into Jesse's pocket.

Maybe this incident did not occur, but anyway it's just like Jesse James.

I never saw him after that dinner but once — on Robidoux street in St. Joseph, Mo.

CHAPTER XII

Twenty-fifth "Pow-Wow"

"ABBIE"

WE were in advance of a government wagon train, far out on the plains of western Kansas. The sun had long since gone down behind the hills and we could but dimly make out the timber line. By "timber line" I don't mean the upper edge of the timber as you go up the mountains, where snow and verdure meet, but those strips of timber which skirt the water courses of the west.

When we reached the timber, a campfire sparkled through the trees and we could see the red smoke as with an occasional shower of sparks upward, it marked the camping place of westward bound travelers.

A shot and a heart-piercing shriek broke out on the still air. Scream followed scream, as we plunged the spurs into our horses and dashed to the rescue of whom or what we did not know. Cody first, Sinclair next, Powell next, with the writer close behind, followed by Ed. Estes, James Currie, mule drivers and a "greaser" from the wagon train. So far in advance was Cody, that when we came up, two Indians were laid out and the others, maybe four or five had disappeared, and Billy was releas-

ing the man of the camping party from his wagon wheel where he had been bound by Indians — Dog Soldier Indians — the outlaws of the plains. The wife and mother lay dead, a baby's brains had been dashed out, and a girl about ten years old was released from the embrace of an Indian by a well-directed shot from Cody's pistol. This was one of the two who would never raise another scalp. The man's name, we learned, was Cooper. The little wife and mother was laid tenderly under a tree, and later when the wagon train came up, she was buried at the foot of that giant of the forest, and in the bark of that cottonwood tree the word "Abbie" was carved by the husband, and the little woman was left alone in God's wild country, the soughing winds and rustling leaves chanting nature's requiem.

Mr. Cooper and his daughter accompanied us to Denver, and there for a long time we lost sight of them.

A few years later, Cody, the scout, was handed a letter written by Hillyard Cooper, asking him to take charge of "Little Abbie," now about 14 years old. Her father had died, and the child was found in keeping of a miner and his wife. Cody at once took charge of the little one, sent her back to Leavenworth where in the home of a good Christian family she was educated and grew to womanhood — the child of the plains — the ward of the scout.

She is now the wife of a prominent St. Louis man of the old school, and her grandchildren revere the name of Buffalo Bill.

Twenty-sixth "Pow-Wow"

HON. W. F. CODY

IF I were to lay down my pen without speaking of Cody as a law maker, this would be incomplete. While away on a hunt in 1870, I think it was, his friends elected him a member of the Nebraska legislature. When he came home, and was informed of the honor thus thrust upon him, he simply "bucked," and told his friends he wouldn't serve. "A joke's a joke," said he, "but this is rather beyond it." When told that it was all straight, and that his district needed him, he finally buckled down to the facts in the case, and proceeded to look up the duties of his new office, and prepare himself to make good.

And he did make good. There are laws upon the statutes of Nebraska today, establishing the rights of settlers which were formulated and placed there by Buffalo Bill. He at once put on the harness and proceeded to do business.

A born leader and organizer, it was not long before he had the hang of the ropes and had his organization complete, ready to co-operate with him in anything for the good of the young state. In those days the corruption of a legislator was not an easy matter, and knowing Cody as the people did, they feared to approach him.

And here let me describe him. He wouldn't cut his hair, which lay in massive locks upon his shoulders. He wouldn't wear a plug hat, or a dress

suit. He wore his trousers tucked in his boots and his gun was always where he could pull on the drop of a hat. But those were the days when every man went armed. In this he was not uncommon.

He was "approached" once, however, by a smooth representative of an eastern firm of land grabbers, who, poor silly fool, thinking that "every man had his price," sought to enlist Cody in a move to swindle settlers out of their lands. I chanced to be visiting Bill at the time.

Did you ever hear Buffalo Bill roar?

No?

Well, then, in his show days did you ever hear his stentorian voice as he introduced "The Congress of Rough Riders of the World?"

Well, Bill used that same voice. And he roared. And he cussed. Yes, he gave that poor cringing devil the most beautiful line of rhythmical profanity it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Imprecations, maledictions and double-jointed, embossed and embellished cuss words rolled from his lips like bourbon from a moonshiner's jug. He fairly flattened the poor devil against the wall, and, opening the door told him if he was in town the following day he would fill him so full of holes that a colander would be air tight compared to him. This he told him as he was busy putting his boot where it would emphasize his language and give vent to his feelings. It was this which really brought him to the front as a maker of that law which protected the

rights of the settlers and secured to them their land, which today comprises some of the finest farms the sun shines on.

That year the Kansas legislature entertained the Nebraska legislature at Topeka. It was a grand gathering of those western solons. The big guns, the grand speakers and prominent politicians were all there and made speeches, but the greatest crowd surrounded Buffalo Bill. He was the observed of all observers. His fame as a scout and Indian fighter was there before him, and added to that, his law for the benefit of the settlers was known and applauded.

But at the grand ball in the evening! When the ladies flocked around him. He was sadly out of his element. He showed the white feather and at an opportune moment he turned to me and said:

"It's too warm here for us. Let's slope for the licker room."

"You're right, my pard," says I.

Twenty-seventh "Pow-Wow"

BUFFALO BILL'S BILL

SPEAKING of Buffalo Bill as a law maker puts me in mind of a retort he made in the heat of debate. It was when his bill to protect the rights of settlers came up, and as it was being discussed, one member objected to locking the land up for future generations.

"We are looking," said the member, "for ourselves and not the generations yet unborn. We will

let the future take care of itself. We are making laws for ourselves and for the present."

I can still see a flash of Cody's eye as he arose to defend his bill — that bill which still holds good and through which the present generation has life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, guaranteed to Americans by the constitution so wisely builded by its makers at Independence Hall over two hundred years ago.

"Mr. President," said Bill, as he arose, and was recognized by the chair, "we are building for the future, just the same as Washington and his congress built for the future. It was for the future that the constitution of the United States was planned, and here in this age we reap its benefits. It was a wisely constructed document, for, mark you, Mr. President and gentlemen, it in its original entirety, applies to us out here on the border of the boundless west just as perfectly as it did at the birth of the Republic and when the Mississippi river was thought of as the jumping off place of the world.

"That document, Mr. President, was an inspired one. Had it been constructed to fit the then present it would be a worthless parchment today.

"There is no present.

"Today is yesterday tomorrow, and now is then, in a twinkling.

"When we are young we are struggling, hoping, fighting, working for the future, buoyed up by the good angel, Hope, for a place in the future.

"All our energies are forward bent. We throw our lariat over the point of a star and secure it to our wagon. We burn the fires of our youth and middle age, we keep our muscles tense, buoyed up with bright prospects ahead. Not for now are we working, it is for the future — the evanescent future — just beyond — out of our grasp. We attain this or that object only to use it as a stepping-stone, and thrusting ourselves further into the future, push it behind us.

"Is it not the truth? All the men we know are in the conflict. Some not such energetic fighters, some idly lying on the surface drifting along, waiting for something to turn up — mayhap the toes of a rich relation — but all looking to the future.

"The hand of time moves on picturing the good, the bad, the fortunate and the failure, the swift sailing steamer and the unmanned derelict — all drifting or pushing, for the future. But the future is never reached so that we may stand solid thereon and say: 'This is truly the present.'

"There comes a time when we cease to care so much for the now or for the future. Many there be who, as we look at them we say: 'He's rich, he's happy.'

"The same man we envy looks lovingly back to the good old times of the past. Pleasant memories present to him the many pleasures he had, but which were not appreciated in his struggle for the evasive future.

"Back in that humble cottage, away back there, sits father, mother, brother, sister, around the evening lamp — a happy home.

"Memory works. The roseate hue of the first throes of love pass before his vision. A sweet-faced schoolgirl — his early love is there — the pleasant walk to and from school with steps slow — oh, so slow, and with the parting of the ways all too close. The future is discussed between you two — you remember it. Castles of air and with all the hues of the rainbow are builded.

"Another movement of memory. Your bride sits by your side. All is sweet, all is heaven, and as hand in hand you sit in the twilight, you build more castles, looking forward, ever forward to — the future.

"A tiny hand, a golden curl, a sweet face, a sunshine in your home. Oh, the joy of motherhood — the pride of the young father, as he strokes the silken hair of his first-born, the man of the future, your boy.

"Do you recognize the picture on the plate of memory? It is the castle you builded for your boy, your little Carl. All is joy, hope, faith in your son. Every energy shall be bent, every nerve strained to make that boy — your boy — a man among men, a leader, respected and honored of all men.

"The picture of our memory still moves. We do not see the record of the present. The light fails,

the picture dims. A little white cot, a lovely child flushed with fever.

"Listen! a soft bell is tolling

"A little white hearse, with its following, winds slowly up over the hill to the silent city of marble.

"That is all.

"The future, as we turn to it, presents our true friend, Hope. Holding in her hand a scroll, she, with her fairy wand, points to the words:

" 'Suffer little children to come unto Me' — and, as we ponder the meaning, we locate the home of our little loved one.

"Hope turns a page.

" 'I go to prepare a place for you'—

" 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast' they say, and by her help we read the guide board — the message our little Carl left as the good angel bore him onward.

" 'I am here; our home is waiting. Waiting for papa and mamma.'

"It was the Christ child whose natal day we celebrate made this possible. It was His advent on earth. His thirty years' journey; his great sacrifice which called into being the good angel Hope, always beckoning us onward, always pointing forward to the future — the bright future just beyond —

"No, there is no present.

"Then let us build for the future. The past has gone. We have only the future.

"Let us here and now build for the generations yet unborn. When our proud state shall be known as a commonwealth of contented homes."

This speech was made just before Christmas, and the bill was passed, securing the rights of settlers in Nebraska, and presented to that state as a Christmas gift.

CHAPTER XIII

Twenty-eighth "Pow-Wow"

WHITE FAWN

THIS was the name borne by a white girl who had been stolen while a baby by the Indians. It was in the days of the big plains, when Denver was but a handful of houses, shacks and tents. It was long before the bands of steel had united the oceans, and dotted the western prairies with farms, towns and cities. It was in the days when a horde of redskins would appear to a moving family or train of movers, and steal live stock, and in many instances murder the party outright.

Camped for the night on the banks of a stream was a party of movers, seeking homes in the new west. A band of Indians (Cheyennes) came upon the party, and drove off their live stock, shot two of the men, mistreated the women, and carried away captive a little child ten years old. One of the men was so badly wounded that he died the second day after, but the others were unhurt. A single team of horses escaped the stampede and were hitched to one of the wagons, and moved on. The mother of the little one was frantic, but there was no trace

of her child or of the Indians, so there was nothing to do but to move on with the party, leaving her little one to her fate. This may sound heartless, but it would avail the mother nothing to stay at the scene of her trouble. Her little one was gone, and she fervently prayed that the Good Lord in His mercy had taken her to himself. Days wore themselves into weeks, weeks into months, and no tidings of the child. The word had gone out, and every plainsman knew of the stolen child and kept a lookout for her. But now it faded from their memory.

Years afterward when Cody was a pony express rider he heard of a white girl with a tribe of Indians. She was known as "White Fawn," and Cody determined to see if it were the lost girl. He watched for that migrating tribe, and his efforts were rewarded after several months, searching at odd times, when he was not on a scouting trip or guiding a train.

It was at a time when the red men were at peace with the whites, a temporary lull so that they could draw rations from the government, that Cody, who was attached to a supply train, came upon White Fawn as she, with the members of her tribe, came into camp to draw their supplies. There were no established trading posts then. The Indians were in camp a short distance from the supply camp, and the young scout made a night visit to the Indian camp. He waited his opportunity to get a word with the girl, and it seemed she was anxious to speak with him. But the watchful eye of the old squaw,

her foster mother, prevented. There was, however, a friendly squaw who met Cody and volunteered her assistance to spirit the girl beyond the limits of the camp, to a point where the young scout could meet her. The meeting was a success and plans were then laid whereby "White Fawn" was to leave her red people and go with him to "the States," where she could be with the whites.

It was a long story, as it was told me, though he succeeded in getting her away. The night was fixed, and the girl and her Indian friend were at the spot appointed. Cody was there with his own horse and a government horse, and the buckskin traveling trunk of White Fawn was strapped to the saddle. Not a soul in camp knew of the move save the officer in command, and it was through him that Cody secured the extra horse. It was midnight when the pair started for the fort and it was early morning before they reached it.

For some time the two rode over the prairies, along the wagon trail, each moment taking them farther away from danger of discovery or capture, for the Indians were very jealous of White Fawn and discovery of her absence would be quickly followed by pursuit.

Slowing down their horses as they ascended a rise, they felt rather secure. The night was a perfect one, bright with stars, and the moon had not yet risen.

Listen! Far to the rear came faintly the sound of hoof beats muffled by the turf road of the prairies.

Not one, but many, it seemed, and the sensitive hearing of the horses seemed to take on the importance of hurry, and without spur or whip they went to their work. The short respite had rested the well-broken thoroughbreds, and they easily took the long swinging gallop of a trained prairie horse. It was their native heath and both horses were of superior wind and range. Not an ounce of fat. All muscle and bone and wind which would far out-strip the most highly prized thoroughbreds of the east.

A word to his horse, and the animals with one accord let out another link of speed, but still nearer, nearer and more distinct came the pursuers. It was a ride to the finish. It was the chase of death, for well Cody knew that a capture by that Indian horde meant death for him and worse for his girl companion.

White Fawn set her lips and urged her gallant steed forward. Not a sound of fear did she utter. Only an encouraging word and a tap of her moccasined feet in the animal's flank. The moon coming up threw a flood of light over the prairie and shed a radiance on the race.

On came the savages, half a dozen in number, mounted on fresh horses. On they came, until finding they were discovered, they raised that curdling yell so well known to the plainsmen. It was the cry of demons. It was the wild chant of death. Would the noble horses hold out half an hour longer? Could they?

Already their sides thumped and their breath came in labored puffs, but still the mettle of the war-horse never slackened speed. Now the course was a gentle slope down the hill, and the advantage they gained would put them pretty close to the fort, at least within gunshot sound.

The mad race continued, and the Indians, well knowing they must capture them quickly or give up the chase, put their horses to their best.

They were gaining.

Cody saw that the race was over, and something must be done, for their horses showed signs of giving out. The noble animals were almost at the end of their endurance.

The fort was in sight, but still a good, long distance away.

"Ride your best, but spare your horse," said Cody. "Don't wait for me, but ride, ride."

White Fawn kept up the pace while Cody turned in the saddle and saw the Indians just over the brow of the hill. Like a statue he and his horse stood, he ready with his rifle, and the horse, breathing hard but gaining its lost wind.

As soon as the foremost came within range, Cody sent a well-directed shot and dropped the oncoming horse. This gave him time, for the Indians stopped for a moment, but soon they were again on the chase. Another shot from Cody, and still another had a tendency to slacken their speed to keep them out of his range. This was continued until one

young buck, more reckless than the rest, rode far in advance of the others and opened fire on Cody. He was not a good shot, but Cody turned in the saddle and this time shot the rider, not the horse.

This ended the pursuit, and just as the gray of dawn was dimming the moonlight, Cody and White Fawn rode into the fort.

The horses were worn out, but thanks to the love of every plainsman for horses, they were at once taken in hand and cared for as tenderly and kindly as though they were the winning favorites of a king.

White Fawn was taken charge of by the wife of one of the officers, and through the good, big heart of General Carr, she was taken to the East, to be educated, and fitted to take her place as a white woman. The news of her capture got into the papers and it was not long before her parents came from Denver to claim their long lost child. The good natured General Carr suggested that the waif of the prairies be given the name of "White Fawn Cody," or as he put it in a joking manner, "Cody's Deer."

White Fawn is not a person of the past. True, she is not the bounding lassie she was when she was "an Indian," but she is a well-preserved Denver lady with little white fawns of her own, who in turn have their families about them. The world has been kind to White Fawn, and I think she will read this little sketch of herself in her own beautiful Denver home.

White Fawn spends much of her summer outing with Col. Cody's sister — Mrs. Decker, in the healthful climate of Cody City, Wyoming, up in the mountains where the air is pure and the waving pines give out their health laden aroma, where the mountain trout are plentiful, and big game lures the adventurous hunter.

Twenty-ninth "Pow-Wow"

ALONE WITH GOD

IF you are a fairly old man, you could have seen what I have seen. But if you are as old as the everlasting hills and have never been west of the Missouri river, you could not have seen it.

Have you ever been alone with God?

Go with me to the vast and seemingly endless prairies of the west, ride alone all day, far, far from any human habitation, over the boundless sea of waving prairie grass, the summer sun beating down upon you, catching a drink now and then from a buffalo wallow or a water hole, watching the blazing sun transformed now into a big red ball nestle quietly down into the same sea of green which surrounds you on all sides.

If you know your horse, or as in my case, your mule, you will take off saddle and bridle and turn him loose to roll and graze the night through or settle down for a quiet snooze, well fitted for rest by his tiresome journey.

You settle your saddle for a pillow, spread your blanket, open your grub sack and take out your

hard tack and sow belly and proceed to have supper. You light your fire of dried grass of last year's vintage, backed by dried buffalo chips, and do what cooking you can in the shape of frying the bacon in its own grease, making coffee in your "horseback" camp kettle, and with an appetite whetted by "the plains," devour as a dainty morsel such grub as would turn your stomach "in civilization."

But you are on the plains. Restaurants and short order houses are not sending out their enticing odors. Bacon has a mighty fine flavor, and besides, the legs of that jack rabbit, browned to a turn in the bacon grease, makes good eating. Butter? Nope, bacon's good enough.

But supper's over. You fill your pipe and settle down for a good smoke. You are all alone. It is dark. You can hear your mule feeding just a few yards away. As he grazes here and there, picking the choice tufts of buffalo grass, you can hear each time he cuts off a tuft and grinds it up with a champ, champ.

You settle down on your back, look up, up into the dark, spangled distance. A mammoth dark bowl covers you. It is studded with stars. At all points the great circle comes down and resting upon the earth, shuts you in. You do not have a feeling of being shut in; on the contrary, you feel free, free, alone — it is all yours. Yours to gaze upon; to breathe in the pure air of the boundless west.

You are alone — with God.

You feel safe.

True it is, alone as you may feel, there are hundreds — nay, thousands — to bear you company. Listen to the noise of the silence — a paradox. Hear the katydid, the grasshopper, and the thousands of other insect hymns of praise to the Great Ruler of the Universe.

This is God's country.

It may be that your sleep will be deep and unbroken till the early dawn, or perhaps your mule, waking up, has missed you or wandered away. Then he will tune up as only a lonesome mule can, and call for you. You will know it is a call, for it is more plaintive and entirely different from the bray of the animal under ordinary circumstances.

I am judging your mule by my mule. You rise up and call or answer your faithful companion and he will come to you whisking his tail as sportily as if he did not know he had a long day's journey before him.

The dew on the grass has given him drink, or moisture as well as food, and he is in good shape to make it to the first watercourse.

This is a day and a night — but it was of the night I sought to tell.

As you lie there looking up at the stars there seems to be a holy hush, and I defy any old plainsman to say that he has laid down in the middle of that vast green universe under that big, starry bowl that he did not think of God, and of the great power

and kindness, and protection of the ruler whose name is God.

I care not how wicked he may be, an outlaw if you will, that spark of God in all mankind recognizes its master and goes out to Him in the lonely vastness of the broad prairie. He feels —

Alone with God.

This prelude I write to show what Will Cody experienced, not once, but many times, when on urgent trips through the heart of the hostile Indian country, bearing dispatches from one army post to another, often through territory where he dared not build a fire by day or night, for the light is a guide for hostile Indians by night and a pillar of smoke by day invites the red man to lift your scalp. It is lonesome enough in times of peace, when danger does not threaten, but how much it draws upon a man's bravery when he undertakes a trip of days through a country where every rise of a hill may disclose a horde of blood-thirsty redskins. Literally, he took his scalp in his hand, he who made those trips, and more than once this fearless scout has saved the soldiers' women and children of the border army posts. What this government owes to Buffalo Bill may never be written, or paid.

And these "forlorn hope" trips were taken, not by a soldier, who acted under orders, but by a man who volunteered. Medals he has been given, it is true, by congress. Letters of commendation galore, he has had from generals of the army, but I am free to acknowledge, right here and now, I have

never seen the time when I valued my auburn locks so cheaply as to undertake any one of the many trips made by Buffalo Bill through hostile Indian country in the interests of civilization.

I have since seen him in his great show surrounded by his army of people and admired him, but never has my heart welled up into my throat as it did when I watched him disappear over the rise on a mission from which I felt he would never return.

Verily, he was alone with God.

Thirtieth "Pow-Wow"

A PERILOUS TRIP

I WONDER if there yet lives some of the party of settlers of that frontier post, who were so near an Indian massacre. I mean those who were doomed by the hordes of Indians to torture and death, to rapine and robbery.

Word of the uprising was given by a friendly Indian to Buffalo Bill, who had just come to the post after a long and tiresome ride. He told it to the commanding officer, who at once sought means of relief, and called for volunteers to carry dispatches to another post with orders to move at once and save the little camp of settlers. Though there were soldiers and scouts in the fort, not one cared to encounter what all knew would be certain death.

Cody had been in the saddle twenty-four hours, and his horse was dead beat out and Buffalo Bill

himself did not look as if he could travel another mile.

"General," said he, "if you can't find anyone else, I will go if you will furnish me a good, fresh horse."

"Billy," said the officer, "I think you've done your share, and I don't believe you could stand the ride, but if you feel equal to it and are willing to undertake the task, the best horse in the stables is at your command."

Food and coffee were provided, and Billy fell to and ate with an appetite sharpened by fasting and the crisp, invigorating air of the western prairies.

He went to the stables and, looking over the horses, selected one which he felt he could trust. Equipped with an extra amount of ammunition and firearms, and light but substantial food, dried buffalo meat and a slice or two of bacon, he started on his errand of life saving.

The way led him over the trackless prairies, and as a bird flies, he took his ride across the billowy sea of waving grass, to the southwest, his only guide the stars, and his native instinct, if it can so be termed.

Miles away he could see the signal fires of the various camps of Indians, and he well knew that if before the daylight gave the Indians a sight of him. before the daylight gave the Indians a sight of him.

His horse was well chosen. He was all that Cody counted he would be. His gait was a long swinging lope, changing now and then to a rangy canter, but losing no time, as he widened the gap between the

Indians and him, and drew closer to the soldiers whom he sought.

Not once in the whole night did he encounter a person, red or white, and it was not until early dawn as he took the rise of a hill that he was seen by the Indians. Just before him and in the direct line of his trail, a mile away, stood an Indian lookout mounted on a splendid specimen of horseflesh, and as the two stood thus and from hill to hill surveyed each other they might have been taken for equestrian statues, so still were they and motionless.

Just a look. His rifle was unslung, the cinch of his saddle made more secure, his pack load thrown to the ground and all made as light for his noble animal as possible. Slowly he rode down the hill until out of sight of the sentinel, and then giving rein to his well trained prairie horse, skirted the hill, and at a mad gallop far faster than had been asked of the horse he took up his race with death. On sped the noble animal. Not a sound of broken wind; not a single misstep; not a sign of grief. The horse was a thorough western animal. He knew what was expected of him, and as he spurned the turf of the prairie, the rein loose on the saddle, he picked his own way. No rein needed he, no spur, no urging. He was really Buffalo Bill in horseflesh. His rider sat with ease in the saddle, and from time to time half turned, looking for the red devils which he knew must be in pursuit. He did not look in vain, for close within range a party of swift riding braves were crossing the now rolling prairie to inter-

cept him. He watched closely till he had a good sight on the foremost, who was fully a hundred yards ahead of the others, and pulled the trigger, killing the horse and throwing the redskin to the ground. Not a step did the faithful horse lose nor once did he falter. Raising himself in the stirrups, Cody loaded and sent another ball from his old "Lucretia," as he called his rifle. This disconcerted his followers as another horse dropped, and Cody gained time. He rode into the post just at daybreak, and gave the alarm.

The cavalry were out in a twinkling, for those border soldiers slept ready for instant fight. The troops rode to the little settlement, and after a short, but decisive battle, put the Indians to flight, leaving several dead and wounded on the field, evidence of the markmanship of those western fighters. Thus Buffalo Bill was talked of by all plainsmen, and finally it got to the ears of the authorities at Washington. As a result, Buffalo Bill was presented with an elegant medal voted by congress for his heroic deed.

The little post was saved. Men, women and children of that border post owe their lives to a scout who rode for a day and two nights, had taken part in the fight and had pretty well earned a square meal and a good sound sleep.

This feat of horsemanship and endurance was the wonder of the townspeople, and demonstrated bravery, endurance, and determination.

At this post, too, were a couple of Englishmen who were over here to view the boundless west,

and years afterwards, when Buffalo Bill was in England with his great show, one of these men, the late Lord Harcourt, came to him and in the gathering of the nobility personally thanked him for his brave work, and told the story to his friends as they were gathered around him.

It was this recognition which led England's beloved Queen Victoria to personally express her thanks to Buffalo Bill, for saving a member of the royal family.

A friend of mine who witnessed this episode wrote me:

"I felt proud to see my own countryman a king among kings, and towering head and shoulders above royalty — a man and an American."

Thirty-first "Pow-Wow"

BUFFALO HUNT WITH ROYALTY

I HAVE written in a previous chapter of the Duke Alexis' spurs, and how they came into my possession as souvenirs, and now I will give you a chapter of that royal hunt, copying in full a letter written by me for the Leavenworth *Times* January 13, 1872. Of course, as you read on you will see that this was written before the hunt proper, but the anticipation proved true almost to the letter.

But here it is:

North Platte, Neb., Jan. 13, 1872.—Young Alexis, the Grand Duke of Russia, is now happy

out here on the almost boundless plains of the West. He is far away from the gaping citizens and the gaze of the inquisitive dignitaries. For several days he will enjoy this pleasant seclusion and indulge in the unrestrained sport of hunting and slaying the noble buffalo in untold numbers. There are no philanthropic Berghs here to molest him or make him afraid, and he is neither taunted nor alarmed with terrors or threats of prosecution.

In company with the suite, the Duke arrived here on his special train at six o'clock this morning, accompanied by General Sheridan and staff who took a run up as far as Omaha yesterday to meet the Imperial party. The time from three o'clock yesterday afternoon until this morning was spent on the rail between here and the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific, but, with the genial and festive Phil Sheridan aboard, the moments were not dull.

A most superb banquet was prepared on the train, and the representatives of the Imperial navy and the United States army had a lively and agreeable time of it as the Pullman cars were hurled across the plains.

It was long after midnight before the company sought rest in the luxurious sleeping coaches, but they arose, nevertheless, bright and early this morning, each and every one anxious for the journey to the hunting ground which Sheridan selected. The three or four hundred inhabitants who form the settlement were all out in the gray twilight of morn-

ing to see and welcome the Imperial visitor. The reception, however, was unlike those which the people of the East or Central West had awarded. There was no crowding, no cheers, no excitement, but a sort of reverential curiosity.

As the Duke alighted from the train, the rustic natives of North Platte stood in line along the platform and almost as involuntarily as simultaneously removed their hats in honor of the distinguished visitor. "Little Phil" was master of ceremonies and he was bound that not a moment should be lost in starting for the camp fifty miles distant.

He had arranged with genial and daring "Buffalo Bill" to be on hand and act as guide and the renowned scout was promptly on hand in all his elements. He was seated on a spanking charger and with his long hair and spangled buckskin suit, he appeared as the feared and beloved by all for miles around. White men and barbarous Indians are alike moved by his presence and none of them dare to do aught a word or deed contrary to the rules of law or civilization. After the ducal party had alighted, General Sheridan beckoned the notorious Bill to approach. He advanced carelessly, yet respectfully. "Your Highness," said the General, "this is Mr. Cody, otherwise and universally known as 'Buffalo Bill.' Bill, this is the Grand Duke." "I am glad to see you," said the hero of the plains, "you have come out here, so the General tells me, to shoot some buffalo." "Yes," answered Alexis, "and I hope to have a fine time. I

have heard of you before, and I am glad to meet you here." "Thank you," said Bill, with a smile as honest and sweet as that of a lovesick maiden. "If the weather holds good, we'll have one of the finest hunts that there ever was on this continent."

At this moment, Dr. Coudin, of the Duke's suite, stepped up to Bill and mentioned a word or two about his rig-out. "Do you always dress this way?" asked the doctor. "No, sir, not much. I got this suit particularly for this occasion. When Sheridan told me the Duke was coming, I thought I would throw myself in these clothes. I only put this rig on this morning, and half the people in the settlement are accusing me of putting on airs." Then Bill laughed heartily, as did the doctor, the Duke and the whole Imperial crowd.

A wholesome and substantial breakfast had been partaken of on the train and there was nothing now to be done but bundle into the ambulance wagons and start out for the camping grounds. There were a half dozen ambulances and a single baggage wagon provided for the party and their baggage. General Sheridan, the genial and energetic Thompson, the transportation master, and the accommodating Buffalo Bill superintended the loading and departure. The Duke and General Sheridan were provided with a vehicle a trifle superior to the ordinary ambulance and it was drawn by four very nobby steeds, while the other conveyances were propelled by mule power. Besides the Duke and his

suite and General Sheridan, there were several officers of the General's staff, consisting of Lieut.-Col. James N. Forsythe, Lieut. S. A. Forsythe, Col. M. Sheridan, Assistant Surgeon M. V. Ash, Major Sweitzer, Col. Palmer of the second cavalry, General Custer of the seventh and Lieut. Hayes of the fifth cavalry.

The military gentlemen were mixed up in agreeable numbers with the Russian visitors in the several ambulances and, as they passed through the country the former entertained them with some thrilling reminiscences of their life and encounter on the plains. The supple and attentive Bill was in the saddle in advance of all and, on either side of the ducal vehicle, were a half dozen mounted cavalry officers. At exactly quarter past eight, General Sheridan gave the word to move and Buffalo Bill advanced in a galloping lead, closely followed by the Duke's and other conveyances. The weather at the moment of departure was far from promising; the air seemed to be full of snow and every element indicated one of the storms for which the vast plains are noted. All felt it possible and probable that a storm would burst upon them, but not a man dared utter a word of fear and thus they left the railroad station for the fifty-mile ride into the interior of the country. Before they were an hour on the road, the flakes began falling in abundance and all anticipation of a few days' sport were mingled with despair. The Deity smiled in approving humor, for in a few short moments the murky clouds broke

away and the snowflakes restrained themselves, and in an instant, as if by magic or legerdemain, the orb of day shone out in all its brilliancy. The effulgence was not temporary, but lasted all day long, and many grateful hearts expressed thanks for the happy combination that goes to make up the weather.

A couple of miles from North Platte station, the tourists and hunters were met by a company of the second cavalry which acted as escort to the hunting ground, under command of Gen. Palmer, commander of the forces of Omaha. No delay was permitted here — simply a salute of honor — and the journey was resumed. Red Willow Creek, the camping ground and general rendezvous was reached after about eight hours' ride. There were no incidents of any moment along the route. A few stray buffalo were seen and his Imperial Highness brought down and wounded a few of them. A few Sioux Indians were met, but they were full of joy and enthusiasm, and the Duke kindly acknowledged their demonstrations.

Upon arrival at camp, everything was found in the most comfortable order and General Sheridan at once assigned the several guests to their various tents and apartments. The quarters of the Duke and General Sheridan and their friends consisted of two hospital and two wall tents. Those of the guests and host are elegantly carpeted and the others are furnished with a degree of comfort and elegance rarely found out here on the wild plains of

Nebraska. For the attendants of the Ducal party and the military escort, there are some thirty or forty superior wall tents. The arrangements of the camp in brief are complete, not to say luxurious, when the bleak season and the remote and wild section of the country are considered.

Beside the cavalry escort, there are two mounted companies here to guard the Imperial tourist and sportsman from the wrath and revenge of the numerous Sioux Indians who abound. The chances are, however, that the Reds will unite in rendering the Duke's visit one of pleasure, rather than one of harm or fear. Sheridan and Buffalo Bill have persuaded them to such a course, and furthermore, to procure their good behavior, the General has brought out twenty wagon loads of provisions and supplies which he has promised to distribute impartially among the red men at the end of the hunt, if they restrain themselves.

This, perhaps, may be considered a questionable way to secure a foreign guest from scalping or murder while in the United States, but when it is known that the Indians are armed and outnumber the soldiers ten to one, it will be admitted that Sheridan's "Tickle me and I'll tickle you" policy is the only safe one to pursue.

Tomorrow, the Sabbath, will be duly respected, but on Monday, if there are no accidents, the sport will begin. The Sioux Indians from miles and miles around are expected to assemble to meet the Duke in the morning. Old Spotted Tail, the chief, is

already on hand. Also the minor chiefs, known as Two Strikes, Cut Leg, White Bear, White Leg, and about 1,300 of the tribe will be present. The day will then be taken up by what is known as a grand roundup of the buffalo, which will consist of the surrounding of a vast tract of country by the 1,300 warriors and a gradual closing in of the game.

The Ducal party will, of course, take a lively part in this. On Tuesday, Alexis, Phil Sheridan and their friends will have a hunt on their own account, aided, of course, by Spotted Tail and Buffalo Bill, and on Wednesday there will be a high old Indian pow-wow and war dance in which 2,000 or more Sioux will participate. Thursday will, in all probability, end the sport and the closing festivities will be very interesting. First, the best of the Indians will gobble what buffalo they can in their native way in the presence of the Russian Duke. After all this is over, and if there has been no overt act and no Russian scalps are missing, the twenty wagon loads of provisions will be faithfully distributed and the Duke will be escorted to the Pullman hotel train on the Union Pacific road.

CHAPTER XIV

Thirty-second "Pow-Wow"

DOWN TO BRASS TACKS

I SAID at the beginning of these sketches that I would pay no attention to dates or figures. That, I thought, was a safe proposition, for I am so poor with figures that I actually don't know a good figure when I see one, be it man, woman, or figure of speech. To acknowledge to you on the quiet, I juggle figures so badly that Mr. Smith, my banker, has to telephone to me for red ink to balance my account, and I guess it's blushing for me even as I pen these lines.

But to get down to figures, just a few facts in paragraphs to even up the errors in age and date of several of the foregoing sketches, which were printed as fast as written:

In his eleventh year, Billy Cody was on the plains scouting and herding for Russell, Majors and Waddell, and the train was captured, and the wagons burned by the notorious Lot Smith, the Mormon Danite chief, one hundred miles east of Salt Lake, and Billy, with others who escaped the massacre, footed it back to Leavenworth, making a trip of

over 1,000 miles. "This hike," says the Colonel, "broke me of walking." But of this, more further on.

And again, before he was 19, he was riding pony express, that great opening of mail communication across the vast plains, and still before that, when but 16 years old, he was wagon master in charge of one of those long trains of prairie schooners.

In his nineteenth year, he was made Chief of Scouts of the U. S. and guide by General Sherman, who recognized in the boy the mettle and courage of a western plainsman.

Had I kept on at this rate, I would have had Col. Cody in the Methusela class, or helping George Washington cut down the cherry tree. Confound these figures anyhow. But at that, in those days a whole lot of excitement could be crowded into a short space of time. As I look back upon it through the haze of half a century, things merge one into another, and while I recall names and places long forgotten, I cannot always confine events to their proper time. It is just as I told you in the beginning, I shall not be accurate as to dates, but the various sketches are true to the letter.

Right here, before I forget it, I want to say that the worst massacres of the plains were incited by outlaw white men, far lower in the scale of human degradation than the Indians whom they used as tools. Cody one time made the remark that civilization would have been greatly facilitated had the

white outlaws been captured and shot wherever found. Cody knew the Indian, and with all his trying experience with the red man, I do not believe there is a white man who walks the earth today who has a greater respect for our red brother than Buffalo Bill. On the other hand, I don't believe there ever rode the plains a single man whom the Indians feared and respected as they did this long-haired avenger of blood or dispenser of mercy. His word was good with the red man. He never lied to them or deceived them. They well knew that if he swung his rifle to his shoulder an Indian was going to bite the dust. He was a dead shot, and never pulled his gun until he was within range. He knew his gun and knew his sight.

Buffalo Bill was a constant menace to the white outlaws, and they were constantly looking for an opportunity to kill him. He was in their way.

But I started this chapter to talk about figures, and I have done so, and have rambled away, touching lightly on several subjects, each of which would make a book.

So I'll start again in my rambling way regardless of dates until, mayhap, I get myself into another tangle.

Thirty-third "Pow-Wow"

THE PIPE OF PEACE

FEW and far between are the genuine peace pipes. Many today are sold as souvenirs by unscrupulous Indian traders, but they are the handi-

work of the white man. If all the alleged peace pipes in the curio market today, or bought by ignorant souvenir collectors, were genuine, they would represent the death of many a human being, red or white.

A genuine peace pipe must have a history — a pre-natal history. Before it was fashioned into a pipe of peace, it must have been in part an instrument of war — of death. The long, harmless looking hickory stem must have at one time been a bow in the hands of an Indian brave, and of the tribe for which the peace pipe is designed. It must have sent a death-dealing arrow to the heart of an enemy.

The bow thus honored is placed into the hands of an Indian girl — unmarried, and preferably the daughter of a chief. To her is intrusted the honor (for it is so regarded) of making the tribal peace pipe. The hickory is burned through from end to end for the stem. This is a delicate and slow process.

The bow is cut to the proper length and polished — not with sand paper, but by scraping and buffing with buffalo hide until it is smooth as agate.

The bowl is deftly moulded and hewn from pipe clay, found in the hills and water courses of the mountains. It is brought to a high polish by constant rubbing with buffalo skin. All is hand work, and the work only of the chieftain's unmarried daughter.

The tobacco bag is made of buffalo skin tanned by the Indian maiden, the buffalo having been killed by a buck of the tribe. The artistic bead work is done by the same Indian girl.

It is profusely decorated with beads fashioned in the pattern best known to that particular tribe. The tribal Peace Pipe is one of the most valuable treasures of the Indian. It represents the honor and esteem of his tribe and woven into its manufacture it tells the love of his daughter or the loyalty and esteem of an Indian maiden. It is the type of friendship. Its language is the death of enemies and the survival of friends. The bestowal of a Peace Pipe means a pledge of friendship, and rarely during the life of a chief does the Peace Pipe change hands. It means much.

Many years ago, a Peace Pipe changed hands and perhaps this is the only time in history where an Indian has given it to a white man.

As I write these lines I am smoking that historical pipe. I am all alone, but as I follow the convolutions of smoke, I see fashioned faces of long ago. I see the wigwams of the red men, as they dot the prairie. I see herds of their ponies grazing here and there in bunches, far, far beyond where prairie and sky meet. I see a bounding herd of buffalo, bound for a water course, around me the soft wind billows the tall prairie grass, and chants the vesper song to the Great Spirit. Here again is the face of Mi-lo-Ka-ha, the daughter of the chief,

her long raven locks reaching far below her beaded belt, caught back by a thong or band of deer skin beaded and colored with the crimson juice of the red plant known to us as Indian paint. The smoke wreath forms other shapes and out of the cloud looks down on me the face of my friend, "Pahaska." Yes, in these wreaths of smoke — dream smoke, I find my friend, Buffalo Bill.

It is the spirit of the gift. It is the procession of those who have had to do with this Pipe of Peace. Now the smoke wreaths are joined; they form another face — a body — a stalwart chief, though aged as we count years; lithe, straight, sinewy, but with a kindly face. I note the smile of the great Red Cloud, the friend of Buffalo Bill.

I have told before what the transfer of a Peace Pipe means. It is to his best friend, the great chieftain gave this pipe, and to "Pahaska," Buffalo Bill, it was given — a lasting treaty of peace between the two. The grand old chief did not live long after, but it was his satisfaction to have remembered his white friend and ally before he passed to the happy hunting ground and the death song was chanted by his tribe.

How did I get it?

Listen.

At 10 o'clock, August 4, 1911, when Buffalo Bill was in Clinton with his great show on his farewell tour, he came to my office and sat at my desk just where I am sitting as I write this.

His eye was as clear and piercing as in the halcyon days of yore when we were boy pards, his hand as steady as when he pulled the trigger for a shot which told.

"Pard," said he, "we're getting pretty well along in years. We have lived in times when history was made. Where the boys of the West rode at will on their ponies, big farms and wire fences have found place, and the long dreary cattle trails to the setting sun have given way to the bands of steel and the iron horses. Well, pard, we have the satisfaction that we were there first. But we're getting old — we must soon cross the great divide.

"You know the meaning of the Peace Pipe. You know how much it indicates when given to a friend. You realize its full meaning? Of course you do.

"We have been 'pards' for over a half century and we have never lessened our friendship. It is as warm today as then. Time or distance has not dimmed it. And now, pard," said he, as he unrolled a paper, "let's be Indians."

And he handed me the Peace Pipe and tobacco pouch.

Time may use me roughly. I may even be hungry, but so long as I live I will retain that memento of my friend, which, in the language and legend of our red brother, means so much.

Thirty-fourth "Pow-Wow"

A REAL INDIAN FIGHT

IN my stories of western history, I have frequently referred to the massacre at Julesburg, but have never yet given my memories of that disastrous battle.

We often hear people in describing disasters of this kind, paint themselves as heroes and with a bravado, born only of imagination, say that they were entirely unafraid.

I believe they are all liars.

We were camped a few miles out of Julesburg. There were exactly 156 men, counting the soldier escort, in our train. When we looked to the north of us and saw the flames of burning buildings and heard the rattle of guns, we knew the Cheyennes were on the warpath. Hastily every man mounted the first horse or mule that was handy, and flew to the relief of the citizens of Julesburg.

Through common consent, W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was our leader. He rode a wheel mule with no saddle and only a blind bridle. I rode another, equipped in the same manner.

I have said above, in this article, that all men were liars, or were afraid when entering a battle. I have never heard Buffalo Bill brag of his bravery, but I have seen him in action, and I believe that he was born without the attribute of fear, the same as a man is born with a club foot. Be that as it may, I could not at the time discover a tremor of

fear in Cody, while I was so badly frightened that I could not even say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." We rode on the dead run to Julesburg, and there we encountered the Indians in the midst of their massacre.

The mode of Indian fighting is to ride in a circle around their victims, drawing closer, ever closer, and firing as they rode.

We attacked this circle from the outside and turned firing our way, but, before we reached them their work was nearly done and many white men, women, and children lay where they had fallen, pierced by an arrow or a bullet. The fatalities, most of them, were produced by the arrows, as the Indians at that time were better shots with the bow than with the rifle.

It was tough fighting for about half an hour, and we lost two of our number, who were buried at Julesburg, together with the many citizens of the town, who had paid the penalty of pioneering.

There were thirty-five Indians killed out of a possible two hundred engaged in the fray.

Our train, which was an emigrant train, composed of families, did not move for two days, but pulled up into Julesburg. The men and women of the train assisted in burying the dead and caring for the wounded.

The soldiers of our escort followed the Indians and dropped four of them before they gave up the chase.

Thirty-fifth "Pow-Wow"

WALT SINCLAIR

SPEAKING of the massacre at Julesburg, the face of that brave, and I am tempted to say, reckless Indian fighter, Walt Sinclair, appears before me. Now Walt was not fortunate enough to get in the limelight, but he, like many another plainsman, was instrumental in helping the march of civilization westward. Walt was five years older than I. He was born at Leavenworth, Kansas, in the days of the struggle between the free state men and the pro-slavery men. Kansas at that time was a territory just knocking at the doors of the government for admission as a state. Walt was brought up, as were all western boys at that time, to the use of firearms, and every boy "toted a gun." Those were the days of the little brass barreled single shot pistols and the old Allen pepper box of five barrels — the great grandfather of the present automatic pistol and the machine gun. Walt became a crack shot, above the average, and in many feats of firearms he excelled us all. He could hit nearer the center than either Wild Bill or Buffalo Bill, though both were dead shots. I, myself, have sat on a fence and held an apple in my hand while Buffalo Bill and Walt Sinclair would ride by, draw their revolvers and shoot through the apple and I never was wounded or even felt the effects of the ball as it cored the apple. Those were the days of reckless childhood. Believe me, I would not do it today.

An incident in the life of Walt Sinclair would not come amiss at this time. There was a gang of outlaws headed by Weston Red from Weston, Missouri, who would frequently come across the river to Leavenworth to shoot up the town. The fame of Walt Sinclair as a crack shot, and a quick shot, had gone abroad, and one time a gang of four went into Paul Dexter's saloon and were busy shooting the fixtures off the back bar, when Walt Sinclair stepped in and captured them all without drawing a gun. They knew he could pull and shoot quicker than they could, and that an extra move on their part spelled their death warrant. He made them lay their guns on the bar and marched them up to the market house, which was also the jail and delivered them over to Matt Malone, the one policeman of the town.

Walt led a charmed life, for although he killed many outlaws and Indians, I have never heard that he got a scratch.

In the battle of Wounded Knee, those who saw Walt Sinclair in action, place to his credit from five to a dozen dead Indians, and Colonel Boggs tells me that he doesn't know how Walt got away with his life.

Digressing somewhat, and going back to the days of the Civil War, Walt Sinclair, unaided and alone, drove the outpost of Mosby's guerrillas at Carthage, Missouri, into the camp of the principal body. Walt, seeing what was before him, turned tail and gal-

loped into Carthage where the Union troops were camped. As we discovered afterwards, when a company of soldiers guided by Walt, went over the ground, he had killed two of the rebels and pressing on further, we found that the entire guerrilla company had broke camp and vanished. Darkness coming on, and the brush and timber being so thick, we did not deem it safe to follow them up, so turned back to Carthage.

Walt Sinclair died somewhere in Arkansas about a year after the death of Buffalo Bill in Denver. Where he is buried or whether his brothers, George and Lon, are still alive, I do not know, but if they are and this catches their eye, they will write to me pronto.

CHAPTER XV

Thirty-sixth "Pow-Wow"

AN INDIAN ROMANCE

"TELL us a story, Uncle Dan," said Frances, a little miss of ten or eleven years, as she, with two other girls were looking for their bed-time story.

Well, as you are girls, I will give you as near as I can remember the love story of Stolen-Arrow and Yellow-Flower. Both were members of the Sac tribe, and each, in their Indian way, loved the other. Indians, as a rule, do not make as much display as the lovers of today, and while they are recognized as lovers, there is a quietness and secrecy about it all which is respected by the members of the tribe. Long walks they would take together, the squaw always a step or two in the rear. If they were taking any bundles or lunch with them, the squaw carried the load, showing the main thing of Indian lovers, service to her master. The buck or male Indians never did any work and carried only their bow and arrows.

The females or squaws did all the work, such as setting up the tepees, gathering the firewood or Buffalo chips, making fires and cooking the victuals.

This romance, however, had not all to do with slavery on the part of Yellow-Flower. On the contrary, the pair would take long rides in their canoe on the swift running, but shallow, Kaw river.

How many love words passed between the couple, I have no means of knowing, but in some way I am convinced they told their love while floating on the bosom of the Kaw.

Pure bred Indian girls, as a rule, are not good looking, but Yellow-Flower, as I recall her, was in looks far above the average of Indian maidens, and when she smiled on Stolen-Arrow she spoke volumes and, as her face lighted up, Stolen-Arrow was sure of his conquest.

Long before they were married she made his arrows, his beautifully beaded moccasins, and the quiver wherein he carried his arrows. He not being a chief, nor she the daughter of a chief, it was not her right or privilege to make a peace pipe or tobacco bag which goes with it. She did make him, however, of feathers and beads, as handsome a war bonnet as I ever saw, and tanned for him many beautiful buffalo robes.

The parents of each, who were just ordinary members of the tribe, were not averse to the union of these two young people. Their love story seemed to run smooth until the arrival on the scene of a Fox Indian named Johnny Marsh. No, he was not a villain, but a would-be rival for the hand of Yellow-Flower. He had many more horses which

were the Indian coin of the realm, than had Stolen-Arrow, but that seemed to make no difference with the Indian girl. The men, former friends, seemed to drop away from each other, and as jealousy is a part of the Indian makeup, as of all human nature, this coolness developed into enmity and on two occasions at least, the men clashed. Once they were separated before any damage had been done, and another time with scalping, or hunting knives, they cut each other pretty badly before they were separated. This promised to be a fight to the death, but they were parted before any serious injury had been done.

Stolen-Arrow was taken care of in the tepee of the girl's parents and nursed back to normalcy by the girl herself, though his parents and he, himself, had tepees in the camp. Soon after he got around, he brought his three horses to the tent of her parents and they were accepted as a wedding present. The marriage was solemnized by Father Carey, a Catholic priest from the Osage mission, south of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Shortly after this marriage, the two tribes, Sac and Fox, were consolidated, going under the name as they are to this day, the "Sac and Fox" tribe.

The rivals again became friends and about a year afterwards Johnny Marsh married a Sioux girl, a sister of Long-Bow, who afterwards became Chief Red-Cloud.

Stolen-Arrow had two children, the last I heard of him, but whether boys or girls, I do not know.

Now, Frances, here is an Indian love story. You can put in all the extra words you want and make a real copper-colored romance of it. I am sure that neither Yellow-Flower nor Stolen-Arrow would object, because both are now in the happy hunting ground.

Thirty-seventh "Pow-Wow"

COLONEL BOGGS

THE subject of this sketch is the last one, but the writer of this, of the old Cody bunch of sharpshooters, Indian fighters, scouts and guides of the plains, to answer the last call.

At the time of Buffalo Bill's death, there were twelve of us on top of ground. Thus, the passing of Colonel Boggs at Mattoon, Ill., leaves the writer alone, so far as the scouts are concerned. In point of years, Colonel Boggs was the oldest and the writer hereof the youngest of the bunch, Colonel Boggs being five years older, and Dan Winget, five years younger than Buffalo Bill.

I have many times seen Colonel Boggs in action and never yet have seen him show the white feather.

One night in particular I remember, the Cheyennes made a running fight on our camp. It was an overnight stop of an emigrant train consisting of families bound for Pike's Peak. At about three o'clock in the morning, twenty-three Cheyennes and a half-breed Mexican attacked us and undertook to

stampede our animals. Colonel Boggs was riding night herd, and before we had a chance to get into action, he had killed three Cheyennes and a half-breed Mexican. He was a dead shot and a quick shot. He could draw and shoot quicker than any man I ever knew, except Wild Bill Hickok, and he, it was often said, had the bullet coming while he drew his gun.

On this occasion, the only one I ever knew, Colonel Boggs was wounded by two arrows and a bullet, none of which laid him up, even temporarily, all being harmless flesh wounds. The bullet went through the fleshy part of his upper left arm and the arrows closely followed the bullet, the three wounds being between the elbow and the shoulder of the left arm. The arrows were broken just above the feathered barb, and pulled through, thus eliminating any poison which might be in the feather end of the arrow. I am not sure that Colonel Boggs had these arrows when he died, but Henry Brown, who pulled them out, gave them to him.

The Indians, seeing the damage done by one man, withdrew before any of the rest of us had a chance to shoot. When I say withdrew, I do not mean that they withdrew in good order, but they turned tail and galloped away into the darkness.

There was not much sleeping after that, and it is safe to say that we got an early start for the next day's journey.

The next day we started bright and early and the rising sun shone upon our train in motion. That was one time we had to go slow, for in the train there were several ox teams. At noon that day we saw signs of Indians, and Buck Taylor, Lon Sinclair and Buffalo Bill started forward on horseback to pick up the trail. It was fresh, and according to Cody, the Indian party numbered about fifty or sixty. While going over the trail to the north of us, we lost track of the three scouts and did not see them again until that evening, when we had made our corral on the banks of the Cottonwood and many campfires were burning, cooking jack rabbits and buffalo steak.

Buck Taylor brought in a war bonnet which showed that he had got at least one Indian, but, as there was no bleeding scalp on it, it is fair to presume that he didn't kill the Indian or killing him, he failed to take his scalp. The war bonnet, with four dry scalps attached, was given to Miss Sadie McPherson, a daughter of one of the families of the train. Miss McPherson, as I recall it, was attached to one of the families from Zanesville, Ohio.

We had no more trouble with the Indians, or other mishaps, save that one day we were short on rations of water, arriving at a stream at about nine o'clock that night.

Have you ever been thirsty and without means of quenching your thirst for nearly twenty-four

hours? If so, you will know how good the water in that running stream looked and tasted to us.

The oxen were the most frantic, and their drivers nearly lost control of them as we neared the water line. A few days more put us in Denver, and there we separated, some of the scouts guiding trains to the north, others still to the Pike's Peak region.

That was the last time I ever saw Colonel Boggs, though we have frequently exchanged letters. I last heard from him at Mattoon, Ill., when he invited me to go on one more big hunt with him, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, going by way of Cody, Wyoming, and being guided by Cody Boal, Buffalo Bill's grandson, and a replica of the old scout in his palmy days. This letter I answered last year, but it came back from Mattoon marked "deceased."

By this I know that I am the last of the old scouts.

Thirty-eighth "Pow-Wow"

FRANCES

NO, she was not an Indian, she was a wandering white woman, abused and driven from her home by her Mexican half-breed husband. I first met her when she came to a camp of Sac and Fox tribe, where I was spending a few days. Both her eyes were black from the beating her husband had given her, great welts lay across her arms and back, the marks of a black snake whip, in the hands of her

drunken husband. She was not a college bred woman, nor yet up to the grade of typical pioneer women of the wild west. She was a woman, however, and came into camp carrying her bundles, all she had on her back, and walking. She gave the women of the tribe to understand her plight, and further that she was going to cast her lot with the tribe. Curiosity had drawn quite a crowd of bucks and squaws and finally one good-natured, fat, squabby squaw took her in as part of her family.

Frances was the only name we ever knew her by, and it chanced to be my fortune to meet her several times within two years.

This is but a prelude to the story of an Indian girl, the only one I ever knew whose name was Frances.

It is the custom in naming an Indian baby for the mother to select for the name of the new born child the object which first appears to her eyes. In this case the mother saw the white woman Frances, who was with her when the child was born. In her hands she carried a yellow rose. The mother then gave the name of her baby as "Frances-Yellow-Rose."

I met the tribe many years after on a government reservation. Many of them I knew, but the younger ones of the tribe had grown beyond my recollection. I inquired for Frances, but they told me she had long since been dead. The old squaw, however, called a young girl, I should judge about

11 or 12 years old, and in presenting her said: "This is Frances you knew so well."

I became pretty well acquainted with the little Indian maiden during the five days I remained in camp with them on their reservation. That was the last visit I paid to my friends of the Sac and Fox tribe. Though I may have a story to tell later on of how my friend Buffalo Bill and I ate yellow dog soup with the Sac and Fox cooked by the mother of little Frances-Yellow-Rose.

I will say before leaving the subject of Frances-Yellow-Rose that for a long time I had in my possession a pair of buffalo skin moccasins made by this Indian child, Frances-Yellow-Rose. They were far too small for me so I passed them on to May Cody, youngest sister of Buffalo Bill, who at this writing had joined her brother across the Great Divide.

This skit of memory is being brought back to me by another little Frances, who visited me when I thought that it was time for me to cross the Divide.

Thirty-ninth "Pow-Wow"

DOG SOUP

I GUESS I had better put the story of Dog Soup on paper, while I am able to remember it and jot it down.

You know that the Indians deemed a meal of dog a choice article of food. Though, to the aver-

age white man it does not appeal, neither do rats which the Chinamen like so well.

We were in camp with the Sac and Fox long before they were on a reservation, and after a big day's hunt, which netted us two buffalo, three prairie wolves and several jack rabbits, we were hungry enough to eat horse shoe nails. A frugal supper was prepared and we all sat down to it around the camp fire. The flour bread was made by the squaws in what is now known as a dutch oven. Where they got it, Lord only knows, probably from the moving train of some unfortunate emigrant, but more likely they paid three prices for it from some Indian agent.

The soup was made by the old mother squaw, the mother of Frances-Yellow-Rose, and we went to it with avidity for, by heck, we were hungry. We each took two cups full of the soup, and in the absence of spoons, we drank it as you would water, using our fingers to get out the generous hunks of meat. I say "we," because I was not the only white man or boy in the crowd. There was Billy Cody before he acquired the name Buffalo Bill, Walt Sinclair, Billy Slade, and myself. The supper was put away in good shape, we lit our pipes and proceeded to enjoy ourselves beneath the star spangled heaven.

Johnny-White-Horse, an older brother of Frances-Yellow-Rose, was induced by the men of the tribe to bring out the skin of the "jack rabbit"

which we supposed we had eaten. My portion stayed down all right, as did also that of Walt Sinclair, but Billy Slade and Billy Cody left the circle and we could hear them calling "New York" as they threw up their supper and all other meals preceding it. I have always been fond of dogs, but not as a food. The dog skin was offered to Cody, but he refused it.

This is the only time to my knowledge that I ever ate dog.

Fortieth "Pow-Wow"

BILL BUCKMASTER

BILL BUCKMASTER was not one of the Cody gang of old scouts. He was just a school boy, and with us made one trip during school vacation.

It was his last trip.

On this occasion we crossed the path of Blackfeet Indians on the war path. What they were doing on that particular range, or what started them, we never knew.

Bill and Walt Sinclair were away from the camp that night. When Walt Sinclair came into camp, we knew something was wrong, he coming alone. It was about the middle of the night when he came in, and he told us to prepare for a fight. He had ridden long and fast, because his horse was tired out and ready to drop. We got in shape to move the train and we started out under a bright September moon. Our route lay along the same direc-

tion traversed by Walt and Bill. After a slow journey of about ten miles we came across a dead and scalped Indian. Along about two miles further we came across another Indian, and in close proximity, lay Bill Buckmaster dead and scalped. We stopped to bury him where he lay. An end-gate with his name cut in with a hunting knife, was the only marker for his grave.

Further along we came across two Indians, dead but not scalped, which shows that Bill Buckmaster, the school boy, died a-fighting.

Attached to Bill's belt were two bleeding Indian scalps and they were given to Colonel D. R. Anthony, his guardian. That was his first and last trip across the plains, in fact he never completed the trip—never reached Denver.

Bill Buckmaster was a good boy at school, not goody, goody, as the world terms it. He was not given to bragging and the fight he made alone in the prairie showed the metal he was made of.

He had become separated from his riding partner, and at the time of the shooting they must have been fully a mile apart. Walt rode to his aid, but finding his dead body and no Indians in sight, took the back trail for camp and gave the alarm which started us on our early journey.

If this sketch reaches the eye of any old man living now who saw the end-gate with Bill's name on, will write to me, I will deem it a great favor.

Bill Buckmaster at the time of his death was twenty years and one day old. This I know because the day previous he said was his birthday.

Forty-first "Pow-Wow"

ABBIE PERKINS

ABBIE PERKINS was no Indian fighter, but was a Leavenworth girl in times when western history was being made. She was just a school girl and our teacher was H. D. McCarty, who was many years afterward state superintendent of public instruction with offices at Topeka, Kansas.

My main reason for introducing Abbie Perkins in this, my memories of when the west was young, is that Abbie was Buffalo Bill's school day sweetheart. Here was a pair of kids who simply idolized each other. When Billy Cody left school on his first trip across the plains, it was Abbie who bade him farewell under the cottonwood tree which towered above the bridge at Three-Mile Creek, and it was she who welcomed him home many months later as her boy hero. Again he was called to the plains and before leaving, he called at her house to bid her good-bye. Those were the days before the pony express, and mail correspondence was often delayed through the irregularity of stage service, but at that letters came to Fort Leavenworth addressed to Abbie Perkins, in care of the writer of this. We had no means of replying to those letters because we did not know where to find Billy,

as he was on a scouting expedition for the government, here today and away tomorrow. Abbie, however, did not know of these conditions, so she gave me her letters to mail to Billy. I had the satisfaction of handing him, on his return from this particular trip, four letters. I told Will how it happened that I had all these letters, and it was agreed between he and I that I should keep all letters addressed to him in my care until he could communicate with me or return from his trips. This I did, but there was no trip as long as the first one, and the two young lovers met oftener.

Cody was a boy of the plains, his family in humble circumstances, though respected by all. Abbie Perkins was the daughter of H. J. Perkins, proprietor of the Planters' Hotel, of Leavenworth, Kansas.

I shall never forget Billy's return from one trip he made as guide to a wagon train of immigrants. He had piloted them safely to Denver, with only an occasional brush with the Indians, no lives or stock lost. The return trip was made in company of a detachment of soldiers sent out to guard the train. It was during this trip that Abbie Perkins took sick, died and was buried on the top of Pilot Knob, then the cemetery of Leavenworth, Kansas. It fell to me to break the news to Billy and hand to him three letters, the last that Abbie ever wrote. The following day, Billy and I climbed the hill and visited Abbie's grave on Pilot Knob. On this

occasion, Billy Cody broke down and wept as a child, and in sympathy with my Pard, I am not ashamed to say that I joined him. Many times thereafter we together visited the grave of Abbie Perkins, Buffalo Bill's first sweetheart.

Forty-second "Pow-Wow"

JOHN JESTUS

JOHN JESTUS was a school boy, in the early days at Leavenworth, Kansas. He was of our school boy crowd and I am going to name them so far as I can to show the path of life taken by boys in later years.

There was in our crowd, Henry Brown, who afterwards became a plainsman; Dick Humphrey, who later on became governor of Kansas; Charley Mitchell, whom I met some years ago, a Methodist Bishop; Ed. House, who the last I knew of him was running a livery stable in Leavenworth, Kansas, and John Jestus, the subject of this sketch together with Ed. Hughes, became river gamblers, plying on the steamers, Hesperian and War Eagle, when those boats ran from St. Louis to St. Joe on the Missouri River.

One time, while the steamer Hesperian was tied up at the bank at Lexington, Missouri, John Jestus got into a quarrel over a game of cards and shot and killed Colonel W. F. Burns of St. Joe, Missouri. He was at once taken off the boat, and, on the levy at Lexington was hanged for the murder.

John, as I knew him, was a good boy, never using profanity and was in fact, as we looked at it then, the pet of our school teacher, Miss Van Evra. But then, you know, kids will go astray.

Forty-third "Pow-Wow"

MAY CODY

ACTING under the instructions of her brother, Buffalo Bill, May Cody, his youngest sister, is, I believe, the first woman to kill a buffalo.

Together the pair rode into the herd, May mounted on Buffalo Bill's buffalo horse, Brigham, and he on a broncho belonging to the train.

This was a government train and was the occasion when General Sheridan with his wife and a company of ladies and gentlemen from the states, accompanied the train on a pleasure tour.

When you hear a man talk of killing a buffalo by shooting him between the eyes, you can put him down as a liar, and you can put whatever profane word which you choose in front of the word liar. The proper and only way to kill a buffalo is to ride up along side and put one or two bullets in the animal just behind the left fore leg, and then turn away as quick as the Lord will let you for the buffalo will follow, and the average buffalo pony knows it. So it is just as well to keep your seat firmly in anticipation of this quick turn by your mount.

May Cody accompanied by her brother followed instructions and landed her first buffalo.

Later in the day, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, another small herd was discovered, and May alone tackled it. This time she brought down a yearling calf with a single bullet, and the carcass was loaded into a wagon, and at supper, under a cottonwood tree, by the side of a stream, we had May's buffalo calf well roasted by Johnny Hines, the cook of the outfit.

Both the buffaloes were skinned and the robes and heads presented to May. The robes were afterwards tanned and the heads were mounted and sold to the Union Pacific Railway, one of which was placed over the entrance to the ticket office of the Union Pacific in Omaha.

This year (1926), May Cody has crossed the great divide, the last, but one, of the Cody family. The older sister, Julia Cody Goodman, lives in Los Angeles, and, we hear, is superintending a moving picture to be known as the "Life of Buffalo Bill."

I never have known or heard tell of a woman who has ever killed a buffalo, and it is but just, in this sugar coated history to credit Buffalo Bill's sister May as the only woman buffalo hunter ever known to the western plains.

Forty-fourth "Pow-Wow"

SURE SHOTS

WALT. SINCLAIR, another of the gang and probably the most close in friendship to Cody and me, was built along the same lines as Buffalo

Bill, and I do not suppose there was half an inch difference in their height. Walt. was a splendid shot with a revolver, and we all used revolvers in those days, though many of us had in addition to our brace of revolvers a carbine or rifle that hung to our saddles. To show that I bear a charmed life, I will cite an instance of the sharp shooting of both Cody and Sinclair. Many times I have sat on a rail fence, and held an apple in my hand while Cody and Sinclair would ride by on horse back, and shoot through the apple. I never got a scratch. But in my sober, saner moments, and feeling as I do now, I would not repeat it. These two were not alone in feats of marksmanship, for there were others on the plains who could do the same, provided they could find another darn fool to hold the apple.

While we are on the subject of marksmanship, I will call your attention to another feat which though not so hazardous was indulged in by many of the boys. On Shawnee street, in Leavenworth, Kansas, was the paint shop of Scott & Brother. This was on the north side of the street between Third and Fourth streets. Scott & Brother also dealt in window glass, and we would assemble there in the afternoon, and suspend one of these panes of glass between two posts, back of which, across the alley was a bank of dirt caused by grading the alley through the hill. This bank formed a safe background, and we would shoot through the pane of glass, and then put the remaining bullets through

the hole we first made. Many of the boys became adepts in this game, and it was nothing for us to shoot from three to five bullets through a pane of glass before breaking it.

Forty-fifth "Pow-Wow"

A WINE SUPPER

MANY years afterward at the World's Fair in Chicago, I attended a dinner given by Buffalo Bill to Carter Harrison in honor of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. At that dinner the conversation veered around to sharp shooting and Buffalo Bill laid a wager with Carter Harrison (this was the senior Carter Harrison) that his friend, pointing to me, would shoot a hole through a pane of glass, and empty the revolver through the same hole. The wager was for a wine supper for those seated at the table.

I got the shivers instantly for it was twenty-five years since I had fired a pistol, and over thirty years since I had had in my hand an old time navy revolver. I demurred, telling Cody how long it had been since I fired a shot, but he told me shooting was just like swimming, and if you could shoot once, you could shoot always. I saw at once where Cody was going to pay for the wine supper, and made no further objections.

The shooting took place directly after dinner, and a large pane of glass was suspended in a gate way

back of the Wild West arena. With fear, and trembling, I marched out, surrounded by the entire dinner party. Cody handed me his pistol, a white handled navy revolver with instructions to shoot as I always had done. I took the pistol, and with the ordinary drop shot that we had always made, put a hole through the glass, rapidly following the first shot with all the loads in the revolver. I was surprised at myself, and my friend, who was visiting with me (it was either Calvin H. George, or John Ward of this city, I do not recall which one) was also amazed at my marksmanship. Mr. Harrison called the dinner party for the next evening at the Auditorium Hotel, and after the dinner was over, Cody recalled a former episode wherein Mr. Harrison had played an expensive joke on Buffalo Bill. Cody reminded him of it and his promise to get even with Mr. Harrison some time in the future.

Harrison could not see the joke and neither could I, until Cody told us that all of the chambers in the revolver save the first were loaded with blank cartridges and added, "The chance I took was, that Dan would hit the glass with the first shot." I did not feel quite so important after this revelation, and Mr. Harrison took the joke good naturedly.

We had never heard of Mr. Volstead then, and I do not know when we went to bed, but as we see in the comic strip, "Them days are gone forever."

CHAPTER XVI

Forty-sixth "Pow-Wow"

AN INDIAN HANGING

I CHANCED to be staying with a tribe of Creek Indians. They had captured an Indian of the Dog Indian tribe. He had murdered a Creek squaw, and the Creek Indians in emulation of the white man, were going to hang him. How they tried him, or who was the judge and jury, I do not know, but the hanging day had arrived and Indians from several tribes were gathering at the hanging place.

I may say here to those who do not know what a Dog Indian is, that they are the off-scourings of all tribes on the plains, the Indian underworld if you please. These are they who, having been banished from their tribes, banded themselves together and were known by all tribes of the plains as Dog Indians. For a long time they occupied a portion of the pan handle of Texas, and it was known as No Man's Land.

After this short digression, I will conclude my story of an Indian hanging.

My companion on this occasion was W. F. Cody, and it was at this time that he began to be known

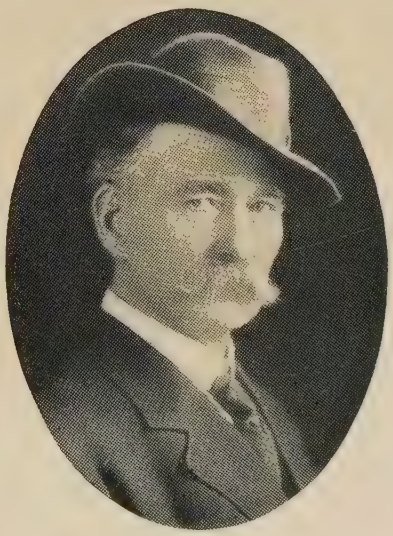
as one of the two Buffalo Bills. This was before he and Billy Comstock, another buffalo hunter, had the contest to determine who should wear the name Buffalo Bill.

Arriving at the hanging place, we saw that the Indians in charge of the ceremony had bent down a good sized sapling, trimmed up the fork and tied the Dog Indian into the fork, the limbs on either side of his neck and he standing on the ground. The sapling was secured in its bended position by a buffalo skin lariat and at a signal from the Creek chief, this was cut with an ax, literally jerking the victim off the earth instead of dropping him as the old fashioned gallows of the white man did. This hanging I had in mind when years afterwards I wrote a heading for the Chicago Times "Jerked to Jesus."

Forty-seventh "Pow-Wow"

JERKED TO JESUS

MY opportunity to write this was as follows: Kindred spirits, J. Whitcomb Riley, Opie Reid, Eugene Field, Will Visscher, and myself were enjoying life at the old Chicago Press Club, such as was possible only in pre-Volstead days. Will Visscher was night telegraph editor on Wilbur F. Storey's old Chicago Times and we knew that after our celebration, Visch was not in condition to handle a night shift alone. With one accord, however, we divided up the work between us. All matter com-



DAN WINGET

THE LAST OF THE OLD SCOUTS

ing under the head of "Crimes and Casualties" fell to my share, and a dispatch from Texas telling of the hanging of a murderer suggested the heading "Jerked to Jesus," having in mind the hanging of the Indian years before.

Our night work was done and the dawn was not far off. Each made a bed of exchanges and curled down to sleep in the editorial room.

Late in the day we were awakened by the appearance of Mr. Storey who had the finest vocabulary of profanity that it has been my good fortune to meet, save possibly Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune. After he had said all he could, and in a manner in which only he could say it, we presented our side of the story, Eugene Field and Opie Reid acting as lawyers for the defense. So eloquent were they that Will Visscher retained his job, and I before being hired, was fired.

Forty-eighth "Pow-Wow"

WHY WAS I LEFT?

MANY years ago in my Sunday school days in Leavenworth, Kansas, when that city was on the border of western civilization, I got a book as a prize from my Sunday school teacher, Dr. Parkes, for memorizing a certain number of verses in the testament. The title of the book was the same as the heading of this article; I have it yet in my library.

But this is only a prelude to the story, or pipe dream, in which I am now indulging.

When Buffalo Bill died there were twelve of the old gang left. By the word gang as used here, I do not mean that we were gangsters in the modern sense of the word. The men of whom I speak and the gang referred to were one and all good, clean, western men—men who dared to bare their bosoms in breaking the way for civilization; men who were acquainted with the plains and the bands of roving Indians, who sought, and justly too, to impede the westward march of civilization.

I say, "justly too," in the above paragraph, because the Indian of the plains felt that the white man was driving him from his home, shooting his buffalo, and by force of numbers driving him westward, ever westward.

The saying is very common that, "only a good Indian, is a dead Indian."

My personal observation is just to the contrary. You or I would fight for our homes. So did the Indians. But I digress. At the head of this article I ask the question, "Why Was I Left?" There is a saying often repeated, "The good die young." What a terrible double dyed villian I must be. Gone are all the scouts, guides, and Indian fighters, of a way back then. The last time the entire bunch of Buffalo Bill's band of scouts met together was after the massacre at Julesburg. There were four-

teen of us then. Two were killed with Indian arrows and rifle balls.

I referred to the massacre at Julesburg in a former article, but at present it all comes back to me. The circling horde of Indians, the relentless murder of men, women, and children, by the Indians crazed with drink and led by that notorious half-breed outlaw, Mexican Tom. I look again into the faces of Ed. House and Billy Buckmaster, who we tenderly laid away for their last sleep. Mexican Tom, the outlaw, paid the penalty for his many raids and his evil influence over the Indians at Julesburg. Who buried him, or, if he ever was buried, I do not know.

This massacre at Julesburg as it comes to me through memory, was the one time on the plains when, I will acknowledge, I was scared stiff. I shot many rounds of cartridges, but I am not sure that a single one took effect—I simply fired and loaded, and to this day I do not know whether my mount was a broncho or regular army mule.

With the passing of Colonel Boggs of Mattoon, Ill., I find myself alone—the last of the old Cody Scouts, which leads me to inquire, "Why was I left?"

This is, in brief, the story of the massacre at Julesburg as I remember it, and this is also the story of another time that I was scared stiff.

Forty-ninth "Pow-Wow"

LOOKING BACKWARD

SITTING here alone with my pipe, it dawns upon me to ask a question using the words of the old song, "Where are the Friends of My Youth?"

So far as I know, of the old bunch with whom I associated in the west, when early history was in the making, I alone remain.

At the time of the death of our leader, Buffalo Bill, twelve of us were on earth. With the death of Col. Boggs, two years ago, the last of the old gang, but one, have taken up their last long sleep beneath the turf, and I alone remain.

Each of the others had their good points as well as some points not so good, but as I remember them, good and bad, one and all, had the redeeming streak of honor. A petty thief, or a man devoid of manly principles, had no place in our crowd. True it is, that not one of them went to rest without the blood of his fellowman on his hands and without one or more notches in his gun. These killings, one and all of them, were in the interests of civilization, and many of them saved a train of defenseless men, women and children, when the west was young, and these hardy pioneers were westward bound to take up farms in the virgin west.

Most of the old gang were dead shots, and I take off my hat to Bill Hickok as being the quickest and most accurate shot I ever saw. I believe that he led the crowd in the number of those, who

notched their guns for every man, white, Mexican, or red, that he put to rest in the pioneer grave yard of the west. When the west was young, it required a man of iron nerve, quick to draw, and as quick to shoot. For Wild Bill to draw his pistol, it meant the death of some person, or persons, and for this reason he was chosen as a frontier sheriff. While acting in this capacity, he oftimes acted as judge, jury, and executioner, and his greatest record was the extermination of the McCanless gang, and they, four in number, with six other horse thieves constituted the gang, which he single handed, and alone, put to their last long sleep. This gang was one of the most feared on the western plains. In the foot hills they had their stronghold, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for overland stages to be held up by them, and not infrequently a murder was pulled off at the same time. I recall at one time when Jim Curry, a saloon keeper, and Ed. Estes, a scout, and guide, had an altercation in Jim's saloon, both men drew at once, and fired, the result was that they were both killed, and another miscreant named Ed. Hudson, sought to pull Jim Curry's diamond pin off his shirt, and, seeing Wild Bill essayed to pull his gun. The result was that three men were laid away at that particular funeral.

Wild Bill was afterwards shot in the back by a man named McCall, who followed Wild Bill to the grave within the week. Wild Bill is buried at Deadwood, S. D., and his sweetheart, Calamity Jane, rests beneath a little mound close by.

Fiftieth "Pow-Wow"

A TRIBUTE

(To Rotarian Buffalo Bill.)

IN the death of Col. W. F. Cody, our club mourns its first loss. Col. Cody was the first honorary member, and though it has never been his pleasure to meet with us at luncheon, his big heart has been with us.

When advised of his election as honorary member of the club, he did not stop to write, but wired his thanks and the appreciation of the honor. As the writer looks at the character of Buffalo Bill, both as boy and man, in the home or in the limelight of publicity, as a dreaded Indian fighter, as the red man's friend, as a celebrity or as a mere man, I say looking backward, looking at him as I knew him, I feel that the true spirit of Rotary was a large factor in his makeup.

Born without the attribute of fear, facing death many times without a tremor, his heart was as tender as a woman's. His hand was ever outstretched in the cause of charity. His was the true spirit of brotherhood of man. He recognized and helped the poor down-and-out and put many an unfortunate on his feet, and braced him up.

The glare of greatness or the patronage of royalty did not spoil him nor was he ever above his friend or brother in lowly overalls. He was too big a man to snub poverty. On the contrary, he would go out

Courtesy Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.

Buffalo Bill's Grave, Lookout Mountain

of his way to caress the lowly kidlet. His was a big, broad nature, and he was made of the stuff of which Rotary may be proud. As we lay him away — our brother, our friend, our Rotarial companion, we do so with a feeling that all is well across the great divide. His life has been devoted in a practical way to answering the command of the Master, "Feed my lambs."

The first rays of the rising sun will shine upon the resting place of our brother, and as the god of day sinks to rest, its beams will linger upon the spot, where mingled with the earth of the mountains he loved so well, repose the remains of a man among men, a brother and a friend.

Fifty-first "Pow-Wow"

WE LAY DOWN THE PEN

BOYS, I reluctantly lay down the pen on this brief history, this hashed history. I feel that if all our Boy Scouts read it thoroughly and between the lines they will be the better for its perusal. I have stuck close to facts, and though figures and dates may be in a measure jumbled up, I have printed the facts in the life of the original Boy Scout commencing at the age of 9, up to and including the years of his manhood. I have told without the gloss of varnish the boyhood life of one of the greatest pioneers in our country's history. I have covered nothing and nothing has been uncovered which the

Last of the Great Scouts will not say "It is all right."

We were boys, just boys, the same as you are. Our tastes were the same. Our games were in keeping with the red blood of youth, but our environments were different. Where you are surrounded with walls of brick and stone, the boundless prairies were our play grounds. Where you are barred by the sections of streets and wards, our only menace were the red men of the plains.

And yet, looking back, those red men were susceptible to kindness, and we had warm friends among the various tribes. True, it is, that our government took by force their homes, their hunting grounds, grieved, the same as you and I would feel should some strong party seek to deprive us of our homes. We would fight—so did they.

I am not about to write a labored essay upon the wrongs of the Indian, but simply seeking for a proper close of this sketch.

Buffalo Bill, my friend, I have known and loved for half a hundred years. He has proven true. He has been the entering wedge for the civilization of America's Great West. He has made his mark, and I shall, as I raise my hat in greeting, say Hail and Farewell, America's Greatest American.

THE END

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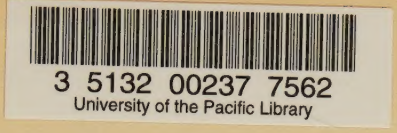
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WITHDRAWN